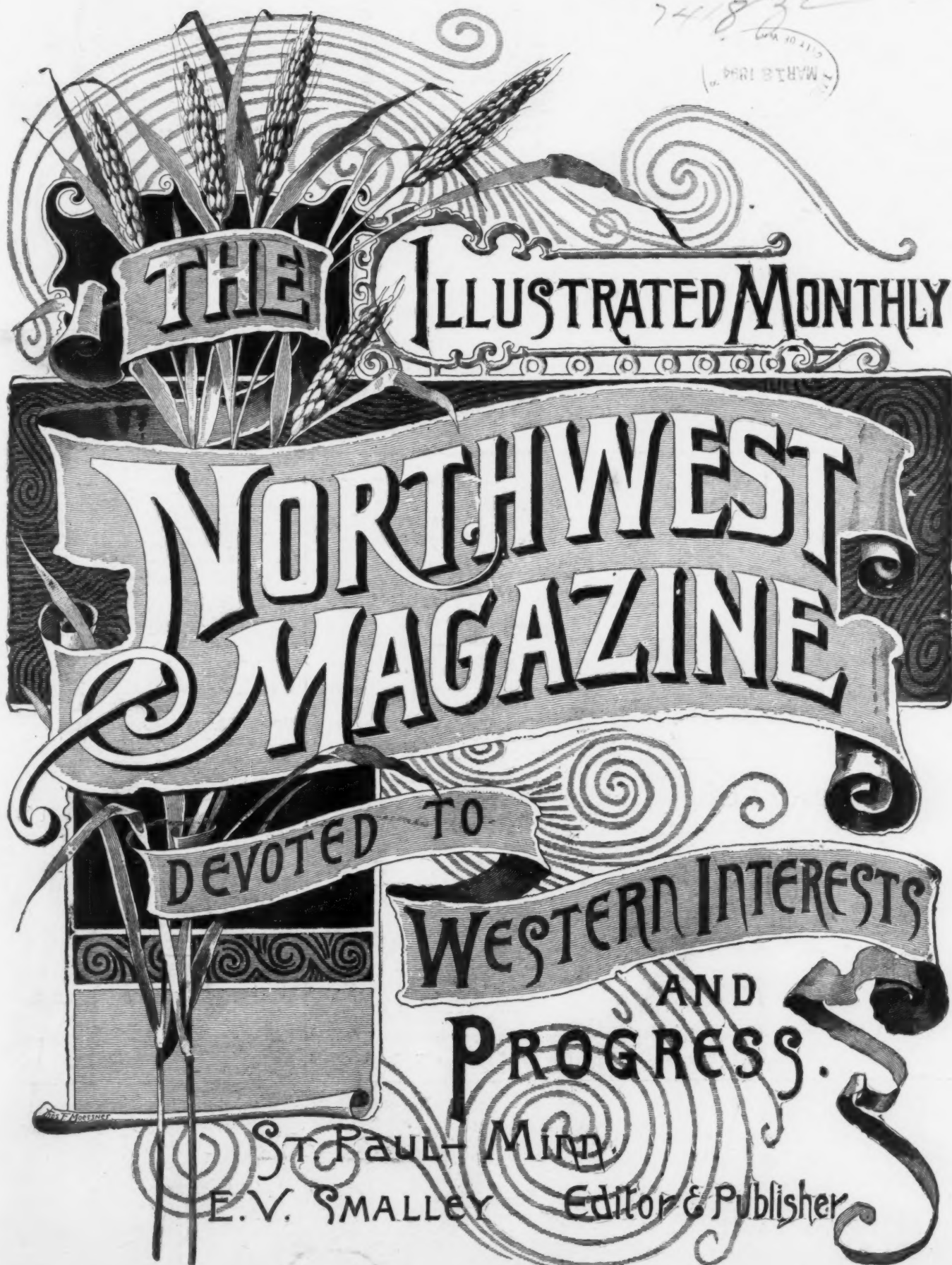


In this issue: { "The Flathead Valley."
"Irrigation in Montana."
"Winter Sunbeams in Yakima Valley."

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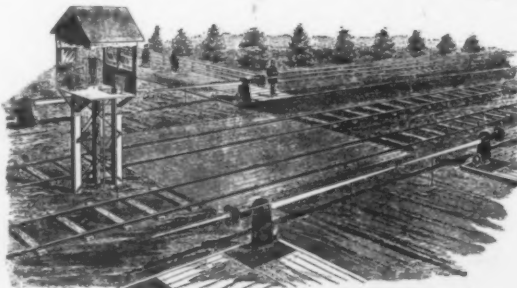
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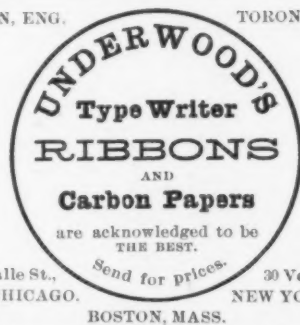
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VANCOUVER,

BRITISH COLUMBIA,

Canada's Pacific Metropolis.

No city in Canada and few, if any, on the continent of America have made such rapid strides in advancement as the city of Vancouver, terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the greatest transcontinental road in the world.

In 1885 practically a forest, it is now a city full of life and activity, possessing handsome stone and brick blocks, electric light and railway systems, splendid opera house, banks, hospitals, churches of all denominations, five well-equipped public schools, elegant residences, athletic and boating clubs and one of the finest parks on the American continent.

The Electric Tramway, affording hourly communication between New Westminster and Vancouver, a distance of twelve miles, is one of the best appointed in America, their magnificent cars being heated by electricity, and is an evidence of the enterprise of local business men.

VANCOUVER'S HARBOR IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

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AUSTRALIAN LINES.—The Dominion Government have just completed arrangements with Messrs. Huddart, Parker & Co. for monthly steamship service between Vancouver and Sydney, N. S. W., calling at Honolulu. First steamer leaving Sydney on May 15th, 1893, is expected to make the trip in twenty-one days. This line will receive subsidy from the Dominion Government of \$125 000 per annum.

Without attempting to enumerate fully the business and manufactures at present in operation, the following might be mentioned: Sugar refinery, seven sawmills, planing mill, sash and door factories, cement works, brick yards, iron and brass foundries, gas works, fruit canneries, candy factory, soap, cigar, macaroni, carriage and furniture factories, etc., etc.

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In 1886:				In 1893:			
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Value of best business property				Value of best business property			
per front foot,	-	-	\$50	per front foot,	-	-	\$600
City Assessment,	-	-	\$2,625,877	City Assessment,	-	-	\$18,400,000

Vancouver's rise is unique, and with the entrance of the N. P. Railway, now under construction (for which a bonus of \$300,000 has been voted by the citizens and Australian Steamship Line, etc.), its prosperity should know no limit.

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For further information address the Chamber of Commerce, or the Business Men's Club, Hot Springs, Ark.

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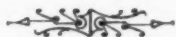
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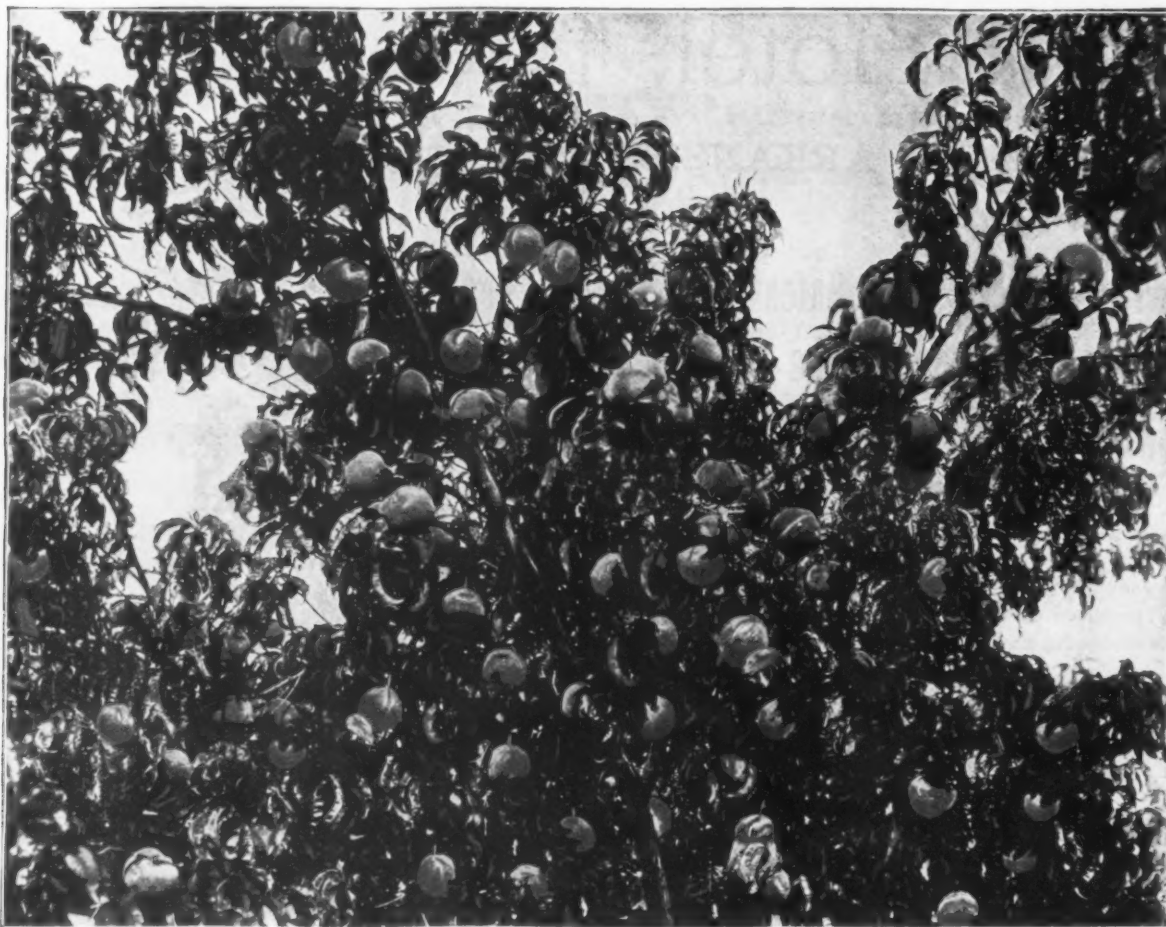
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Desirable Lands in the Lower Yakima and Kennewick Valleys, Wash.

The Lower Yakima and Kennewick valleys offer lands with more advantages, at a lower price, with the greatest increase in value, and by far the safest guarantee for investment in the United States. Nature having lavished her gifts here so as to insure success, crops follow with no chance of failure. Expend the same time and money here that you do trying to grow a crop east of the Rockies, where drouth and floods, wind and cyclone, hail and snow, bug and rust give battle, and you will reap abundant harvest. Irrigation gives rain when needed, and without devastating storms.

We can clear our land of sage-brush at from one to two and one-half dollars per acre. We grow fruit here when it is too cold at higher elevations—it is here 330 feet. Apricots yield per acre, \$210 net to \$1,200 net. Peaches per acre yield over \$1,200 net, profits depending upon age of trees; yellow-egg plums, French prunes, pears, grapes, etc., in proportion. Mr. W. J. Bauer, of Klona, Washington, states:

"I came here from California and purchased my land of the Yakima Irrigating and Improvement Company three years ago, for which I paid \$35 per acre, including water right. Strawberries ripened the eighteenth of May, 1893, and the season was two weeks late at that. I found ready sale for them at \$1 per gallon and could have sold many more than I raised at same price. I had orders from North Yakima that I could not fill, as their strawberries did not ripen until June.

My raspberries ripened in May and the cherries the last of May. We had ripe peaches on the trees the twelfth of July, 1893, also apricots, and we shall see the last of the peaches in September. Received \$53 for the melons from about one-half acre last year—and this in my orchard. The early melons sold for forty cents apiece because I picked them over two weeks before they ripened, at North Yakima or Ellensburg. I picked the first ripe melon of the season to-day, July 27th. My alfalfa in 1892 cut about eight tons per acre, and sold at \$12.50 per ton in the stack. We can cut five crops per year, while up in the Yakima Valley, about 100 miles nearer the Cascade Mountains—near North Yakima—they only cut four crops. This year the yield is heavier than last, and I am getting more than two tons per acre per cutting. Vegetables of all kinds grow in abundance. I raised a watermelon weighing fifty-five pounds. Am having good success in raising hogs on alfalfa and am not feeding them any grain. Can pasture here from March to the last of December. Shall be pleased to correspond with anyone wishing to settle in Washington."

To appreciate the value of these lands one ought to examine them, for it will seem strange to one not posted that thousands of acres may be bought at \$25 to \$50 per acre in the same county, with just the same kind of land and soil as those farms selling at \$200 to \$800 per acre. The following lands that I offer for sale are such lands

as can be made to produce the same profits as the most valuable land in the State:

1. Fine apricot land, within one and one-half miles of Northern Pacific Railroad station, in ten-acre tracts, or an eighty acre farm at a bargain. This land is all under the irrigating canal.

2. For sale near Kennewick, on the Columbia and within three miles of railroad station, 160 acres fine prune land; will sell in small tracts if desired. Price \$35 per acre—all level land and under canal; five-year contract.

3. As fine hop land as there is on the Yakima River; price \$25 per acre. Terms, one-fifth down, one-fifth after two years, and one-fifth each year thereafter for three years.

4. 160 acres of land within a few miles of Northern Pacific Railroad station, \$50 per acre, with water-right. Will sell any part of same or several hundred acres of the Yakima Irrigating and Improvement Company's lands.

5. 640 acres of excellent hop, alfalfa, corn and potato land, second to none in the Northwest, and for small fruit farm the most desirable in the county; price \$50 per acre, with water-right. This is within easy drive of railroad station; the Yakima Irrigating and Improvement Co.'s land; terms, five-year contract.

6. Extra peach land about eight miles from railroad station on the river; the railroad may be reached by water. Any part of 320 acres at \$25 per acre. Five years' time; one-fifth cash.

ADRIEL B. ELY,
General Land Agent

YAKIMA IRRIGATING AND IMPROVEMENT CO.,

**KENNEWICK,
WASH.**

THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

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ST. PAUL, MARCH, 1894.

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IN THE FLATHEAD VALLEY.



CAME over the Main Divide of the Rockies one cold January day in an olive-green Northern Pacific car attached to the end of a long, red Great Northern train. The ascent of the mountains on the eastern side

is so gradual that the pass appears to be a continuous valley all the way to the summit, but the descent on the Pacific slope is steep enough to require a grade of a little under two percent and the train rushes down into a gloomy gorge, between mountains of formidable and savage aspect. The scenery is more imposing than that of any of the railway crossings of the Rockies, and is surpassed on the transcontinental lines only by the passage of the Selkirks on the Canadian Pacific. Darkness fell on the white landscape before we reached the Flathead Valley and I could see of the smart new town of Columbia Falls nothing but the glimmering lights. Our car was side-tracked at Kalispell, the chief town of the valley, and next morning a brilliant winter sun shone on a superb view of bold ranges on the east and west, and a great stretch of cultivated land reaching away to the north and south and dotted with farm buildings. The town, close at hand with its bright new buildings of wood and brick, looked attractive, and after breakfast, under the guidance of one of its hospitable editors, I set out to see the place and make acquaintances.

In the office of the townsite company I was shown a sort of museum of the products of the valley. Here is hard wheat from seed brought from North Dakota, with yields on this deep black soil vouched for as ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels to the acre. These great yields may have been from small fields, but one sample of as fine grain as was ever grown in the Red River Valley is from a fifty-acre tract that threshed last year 1,000 bushels. Barley credited with thirty-five bush-

els to the acre, of excellent color for malting, is shown, and rye that yielded fifty bushels. Cherries, apples and berries preserved in alcohol attest the value of the region for fruit. Then there is timothy nearly five feet tall that cut three tons to the acre. I saw good samples of lignite coal from various points in the valley, and no end of mineral specimens that promise developments in copper, silver and gold. A bottle of petroleum gathered from the surface of a stream seventy-five miles north of the town is of special interest. This find is from the North Fork of the Flathead River, and this year two wells will be sunk to test its value. The coal veins are, of course, useless without railway facilities. A coal of much greater value, ranking in fact as a semi-anthracite, has been found about 140 miles due north of Kalispell, just across the British line, and the recent favorable report upon the veins by Mr. Burrill, superintendent of the Sand Coulee mines, is likely to lead to the building of a branch of the Great Northern. The domestic fuel of the town and valley is birch, tamarack and pine wood cut on the neighboring mountain slopes.

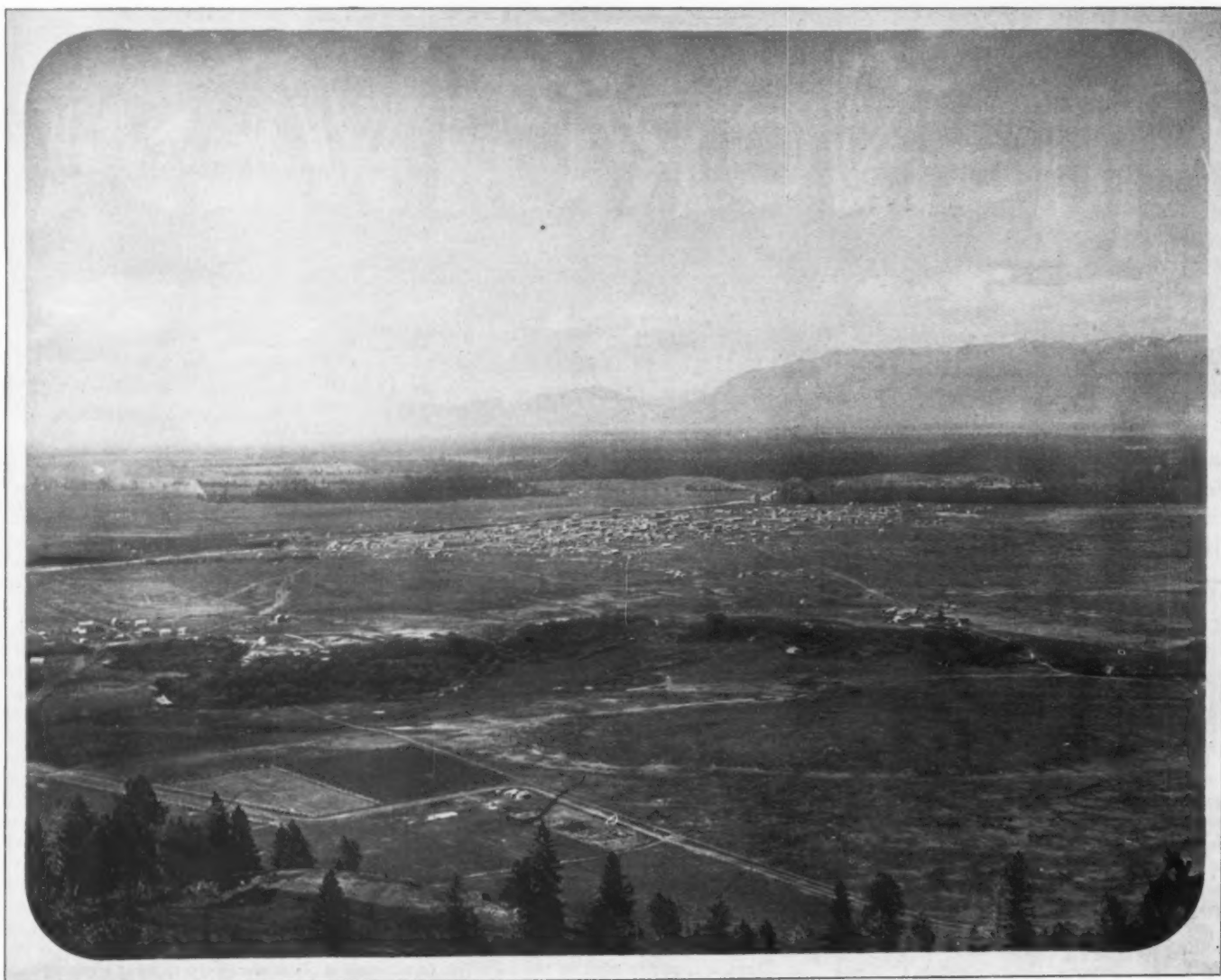
The Flathead Valley is the only stretch of good farming land in Montana that can be successfully cultivated year after year without irri-

gation. This condition does not obtain, however, in the whole valley, but only in the five or six townships nearest to Flathead Lake. Further north the land is higher, more rolling and less moist, and small ditches have been taken out of the mountain creeks by the farmers. All of the lower part of the valley was evidently covered by the lake in ancient geological times. Its soil is a black loam resting on a stiff clay. It holds moisture well and as a rule the June rains afford sufficient precipitation to mature very heavy crops of the small grains and an enormous growth of hay. Usually there is hardly any rain from the end of June until well along in October, but last year the phenomenally rainy fall, which did severe damage to grain in the shock in the Palouse Country of Washington, extended eastward as far as this Flathead Country and a considerable portion of the 500,000 bushels of wheat grown was badly hurt by sprouting. It is not the custom of farmers here to stack their grain, and their confidence in the weather was never before betrayed.

The Flathead Valley is the name commonly given to a group of valleys that debouch at the head of Flathead Lake and are separated by low mountain ranges. The Swan River Valley, east of the lake, is famous for hay and apples. East



A STRING OF GAME TAKEN IN THE FLATHEAD VALLEY, MONTANA.



THE FLATHEAD VALLEY IN MONTANA—KALISPELL IN THE DISTANCE.—[From a photo by Shepherd.]

and northeast of this valley is the valley of the South Fork of the Flathead, which is a good stock country with some farming land and with heavy timber. The North Fork Valley extends for a hundred miles up to the British boundary. The Whitefish and Stillwater rivers join the Flathead near Kalispell and form alluvial valleys of considerable extent. The junction of all these valleys creates the broad plain in the midst of which stands the town. Other regions which contribute to the support of Kalispell are the Tobacco Plains, nearly a hundred miles to the north, and the mining districts lying along the Kootenai River on the west, of which the Libby Creek district is the best developed. Probably the present population of Flathead County—set off from Missoula County a year ago and comprising the country from the Main Divide to the Idaho line, and from the lake up to the British line—is about 5,500. Kalispell, the county seat, has nearly 2,000 and Columbia Falls 500. There are no other towns larger than mining camps. The development of all this fine country really dates only from the advance of the railroad towards it three years ago the coming summer. People then began to make their way to these valleys by stage across the big Flathead Indian Reservation, which lies south of the lake, leaving the Northern Pacific at a station in the Indian country. Steamboats were put upon the lake to accommodate the travel and in a single season the most attractive lands were taken up. The Great Northern did not get over the Rockies

until the fall of 1891, and was opened to Kalispell on January 1st, 1892. The old town of the region was a little hamlet called Demersville, on the Flathead River, a few miles above the lake, and the highest point attainable by the boats; but when the railroad came it left this place a little to one side and established a new town which was called Kalispell from the Indian name of the river. The new place was pushed by enterprising men and it soon secured most of the business of the region and was made the county seat when Flathead County was formed. It now makes a very creditable showing for its three years of existence and has equipped itself with electric lights, with waterworks taking pure water from an enormous spring, with three newspapers, three banks, and with churches, schools and stores of all kinds.

..

At the Conrad National Bank I was shown an example in the interior finishing of the building of the handsome appearance of the tamarack lumber of the region, which has much the look of the red cedar generally in use in the Puget Sound towns. The trimmings of the building are of a fine-textured gray sandstone. Mr. Conrad told me that away from the banks of the creeks it is impossible to find a stone in the deep alluvial soil of the valley big enough to throw at a dog. This soil resembles in depth and character that of the Red River Valley, in North Dakota, and it now produces as heavy crops of wheat as were grown in that valley in the early days of its settlement.

Probably the hard wheat grown in the Flathead Country from Dakota seed will not hold its quality through successive crops, but it will always be practicable to get new seed in case the climatic influences here cause a deterioration in hardness and in percentage of gluten.

Mr. J. H. Edwards, of the townsite company, gave me a drive across a country that was so well fenced and so well farmed, so far as could be surmised under its coat of eighteen inches of snow, that it had the appearance of an old settled region. We ascended a hill commanding a superb view over the valley from the lake to the mountains that hem it in forty miles away to the north. On the east a bold and abrupt mountain range limits the view with its bastions of black and white. Through a gap in this range rises a pyramidal peak closely resembling the Matterhorn in the Swiss Alps. This peak is in the main range of the Rockies and stands not far from the British line. It certainly deserves the honor of a fitting name, but I could not learn that it has any recognized appellation. The whole scene, viewed from the height to which our team had dragged the sleigh through the snow, was wonderfully beautiful and inspiring. It recalled memories of Alpine travel more forcibly than any landscape I have seen in America, from the contrast of the fertile, well-peopled valley with the frowning snow-peaks on every hand. In summer the resemblance must be even more striking, because of the numerous small lakes seen in the valley and the large green expanse of Flathead

Lake, which is set in as noble a mountain frame as is Lake Zurich.

..

Flathead County has resources in farming and stock-raising sufficient to support five towns of its present population, leaving the possibilities of mining out of the estimate. Its winter climate is not more severe than that of Pennsylvania. It is an attractive field for substantial farming immigration. Kalispell has an excellent location and is already assuming, in its residence districts especially, the air of a comfortable, well-established town.

E. V. S.

IMMORTAL NAMES.

Boston is putting up a public library building and a committee of that institution after months of research, deliberation and consultation with eminent men, prepared a list of 519 names worthy of being cut in tablets of granite and set in the walls for coming generations to read and recall the achievements of those who bore them. Of this number only 104 are Americans. The student of history will find almost as much to interest and, perhaps, instruct him, in the omissions which he will note on this unique scroll of immortals. The historians whose names are put on the outer walls on this Boston hive of learning are as follows: Prescott, Bancroft, Parkman, Motley and Belknap. The poets are: Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Bryant. The authors are: Cooper, Hawthorne, J. K. Paulding, Philip Freneau, Brockden-Brown, R. H. Dana, Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, and G. W. Curtis. The Presidents thought worthy of remembrance are: Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson. Lincoln is there, but grouped with Garrison, Andrew, Phillips and Sumner, anti-slavery agitators, while Taylor and Grant are enrolled with Greene, Knox, Wayne, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade and Thomas, military men. The following naval officers are enrolled: Hull, Decatur, MacDonough, Perry, Bainbridge, Preble, Farragut, Porter and Worden. One woman has recognition, Maria Mitchell, the astronomer. The educators are: John Harvard, Samuel G. Howe and Horace Mann. The statesmen of the United States are a myriad, but the following are sufficient for the Hub City: Franklin, Hamilton, Gallatin, Chase, Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Everett. The inventors are: Oliver Evans, Robert Fulton, John Ericsson, S. F. B. Morse, Eli Whitney, Daniel Treadwell, T. A. Edison and A. G. Bell. The lawyers are: Rufus Choate, Lemuel Shaw, Joseph Story, John P. Hale, James Kent, John Marshall, T. Parsons, Simon Greenleaf and Patrick Henry. The clergymen are: Edwards, Channing, Parker, Robertson, Cotton Mather and John Eliot. The scientists are: M. F. Maury, Jeffries Wyman, Jacob Bigelow, Count Rumford, J. J. Audubon and Agassiz. The painters are: Washington Allston, J. S. Copley and Gilbert Stuart. The physicians are: Joseph Warren (the general killed at Bunker Hill), C. T. Jackson and W. T. G. Morton (a dentist who first used ether). Horatio Greenough is named for sculptors, H. C. Carey for political economists, Charles Bullfinch for architects, and Nath. Bowditch and Benjamin Pierce for mathematicians. These are the American names which the modern Athens

has decided were born not to die. Among the foreign immortals are the following whose names are not altogether household words: Matsys, the blacksmith artist of Antwerp; Eschenback, a German troubadour of the twelfth century; Ulplan, a Roman jurist of the second century; Quevedo, a Spanish writer of the seventeenth century; Pilpay, the "Indian Aesop" of the third century B. C.; Euler, a Russian mathematician; Bichat, a French physiologist; Oelenschlegler, a Danish poet; Georgione, an Italian painter; Tycho Brahe, a Danish astronomer; Brunelleschi, an Italian architect and mechanic; Donne, a French physician, and Vauban, a French engineer and soldier.

You just can't most always sometimes tell,
Who 'tis that's going to turn out well.

MOSES FOLSOM.

St. Paul, Minn.

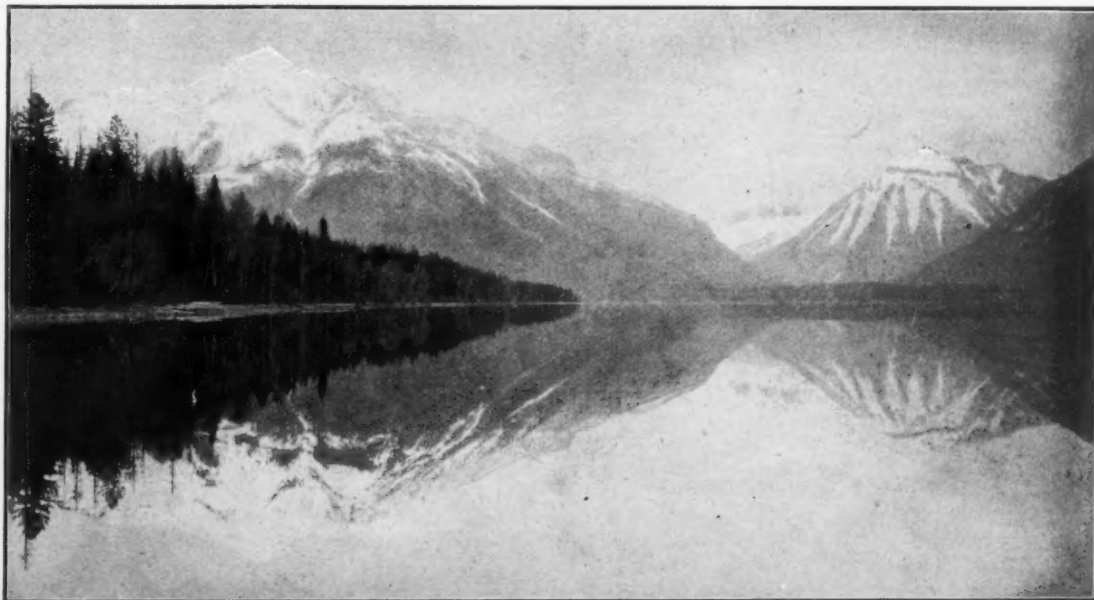
THE PROSPEROUS 'BAD LANDS' COUNTRY.

Among the guests at the Clarendon recently was M. Lenneville, an old resident of St. Paul, and one of the pioneer settlers at Dickinson, N. D. Mr. Lenneville owns a fine ranch within half a mile of Dickinson, with a coal mine on it, and is pretty well to do in this world's goods. "When I first went into that country and took up my land," said he, "all I could see from the door of my shanty was bare prairie, over which the wolves and coyotes were chasing the deer and antelope, no doubt wondering as they ran who the fool man might be who had put up a shack on that desolate spot. Now we have one of the finest towns in the State of North Dakota and the prairie is dotted all over with houses, the occupants of which own thousands of sheep, cattle and horses, which have crowded out the coyotes and wolves. The settlers in that section soon found that they could not raise wheat with any satisfaction. They had a drouth, not once in awhile, but most always, so they turned their attention to cattle, horses and sheep, and now we have no poor people in that country, so far as I know. Of course, some get along faster than others, but there is no suffering. We are near the Bad Lands, and it would surprise you to see how thick the houses are along the edges of these lands, which for so many years were considered absolutely worthless for anything at all. They afford the finest grazing lands in the world. The cattle and sheep men build houses in the valleys under the shelter of the buttes and allow their stock to run in the Bad Lands while they cut hay on the prairie. Most of them haul the hay into

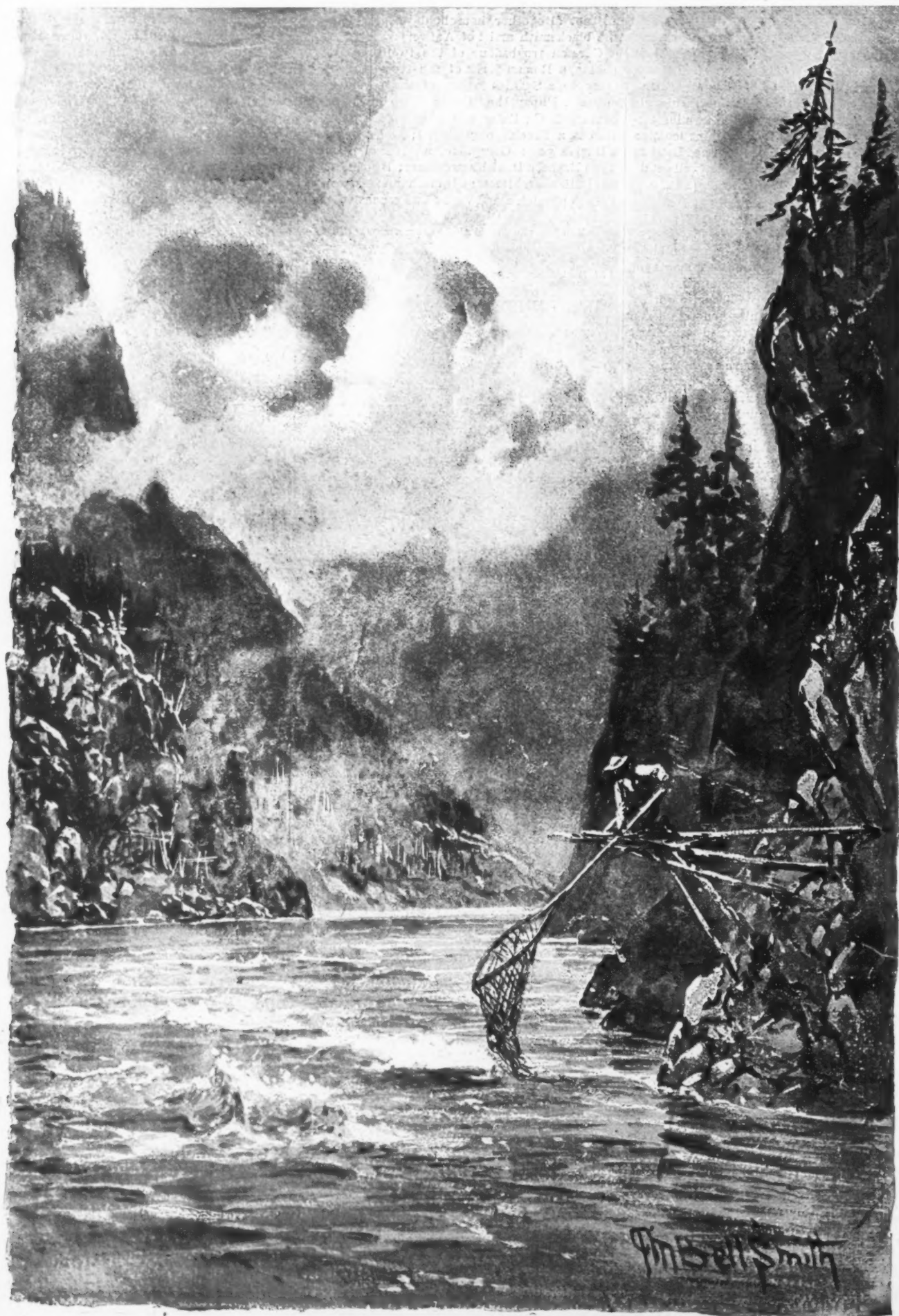
the Bad Lands where the cattle can have shelter while feeding, though some have it on the prairie. The cattle and sheep feed during the winter under the shelter of the buttes, where they do not feel the strong winds of the prairie at all and where the snow does not drift. They have good feed there all winter. The horses generally feed on the prairie, as they can dig through the snow without any trouble. During stormy weather some of the stock is fed, but this is seldom necessary, and thousands of sheep are shipped from Montana, and even as far west as Oregon, to Stark County for feeding every winter. Our cattle come largely from Texas, but a great many of them are owned by the small farmers and the railroad men in that section. The men employed on the railroads and in other places buy a few cattle at a time and send them out among the farmers to keep them at from \$3 to \$5 per head per year, and in this way manage to make quite a little money. We have coal in immense quantities there, and it is easily mined, and where there is no coal there is wood. On my farm I have a vein from 10 to 12 feet thick and my boys work it. By blasting one man can get out as much as forty tons a day. We sell it in town at from \$1.75 to \$2 per ton, and it makes a nice thing. At the mines farther out they sell it at \$2.10 per ton. The coal they find from four to five feet underground in the bad lands also burns well, so the settlers have all the fuel they need. This winter has been open and mild and everything is in excellent shape up there. We look for one of the best years we have ever had."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

A MODEL IMMIGRANT.

A model immigrant is thus described by the *Portland Oregonian*: The man referred to traded his ranch in Kansas for a farm near Centralia and chartered a car to bring out his belongings. In this car he had his cow and his pigs, a faithful dog, a lot of geese, ducks, chickens and 150 fine turkeys, with corn and meal and lots of other things. He sold 125 of his turkeys to a dealer here, and as they were fine fat ones they brought him enough money to put him in his new home and start him in business. The other twenty-five birds he will keep to raise another flock from. His wife and family will follow him as soon as he gets things in readiness for them. It is safe to say that this man will prosper and do his share toward rendering it unnecessary for this region to import poultry and eggs.



LAKE M'DONALD, MONTANA, ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE ROCKIES.



INDIANS FISHING IN FRAZER CANYON, BRITISH COLUMBIA — from a painting by H. M. Bell Smith.

MADAME MOUSTACHE'S SON.

BY FRANK M. EASTMAN.

The overland stage, which had been crawling for weary hours through the deep mud of the valley, at last reached the firmer ground on the outskirts of the town of C—, in Montana, and the weary horses, urged to the last effort by the cracks of the driver's whip, dashed down the long street on which almost all the houses constituting the "city" stood, and drew up with a scattering of pebbles and a rattling of hoofs before the brightly lighted entrance of the Northern Pacific Hotel. The usual crowd of loungers was gathered to greet its arrival, looking, with that listless solemnity peculiar to their class, upon the steaming horses, and the towering stage, its front boot stuffed with mail bags, and its top and rear boot piled high with baggage and express, all liberally coated with mud. Some baggage was put off, a single traveler climbed with cramped limbs from the interior, and the stage rattled away to leave its load of mail at the postoffice before putting up for the night. The crowd now separated, the major portion shuffling its way into the hotel in the wake of the newly arrived traveler.

The office of the Northern Pacific Hotel was a small and unpretentious room, just large enough to contain a short counter for a register, a safe, a sink with two tin wash-basins, and a row of hooks for great coats and wraps; but the visitor, who might be unfavorably impressed with the leading hostelry of C— from an inspection of this apartment, had only to pass through a door at the left of the counter to learn that he had judged too hastily, for this door opened upon the bar-room, a spacious and lofty apartment, brilliantly lighted, and containing not only a long and gorgeously ornamented bar, but three billiard tables, a table adapted to the fascinating game known as "stud poker," another containing a faro "lay-out," and a roulette wheel. This room was the lounging place, not only of the guests of the hotel, but of the whole city, and was looked upon with pride by the inhabitants as one of the finest "joints" in the Territory. To this place the larger portion of the loungers who had witnessed the arrival of the stage now leisurely drifted back, but a number of them followed the new arrival into the hotel office. When this individual had removed the voluminous wraps in which he had been muffled, he appeared as a slender lad of about seventeen years. His face was pleasing and intellectual, but had a pinched, haggard look which bespoke the invalid. His eyes were feverishly bright, and his complexion, which was ghastly pale, was relieved by a hectic spot of burning red on either cheek. A dry, hacking cough occasionally escaped him. He was neatly clad in the costume of the East, and bore the appearance of a student.

Without regarding the curious looks of the bystanders, the lad took the pen handed him by the clerk and wrote in the register in a round, school-boy hand, "Harry G. Horton, New York."

"Had a tiresome time of it, comin' through the bottom, I reckon," remarked the clerk, politely.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, in a pleasing but faint voice. "Yes, indeed. I thought we should never get here. Now I want to get warm and get my supper, and then find where my mother lives, as soon as I can. You see she didn't know I was coming," he added, by way of explanation. "Can you direct me to her house—Mrs. S. F. Horton's?"

He waited for the reply, but got none, as the clerk was staring at him with a fixed, imbecile expression, as though the last glimmering of reason had left him. The boy repeated his question, but received no other reply than a contin-

uation of the stare, which was this time accompanied by latent symptoms of apoplexy. The lad then turned to the group of loungers at his elbow and asked:

"Can any of you gentlemen tell me where Mrs. Horton lives?"

There was a pause for a moment, and then one of the men, ejecting a shower of tobacco juice from between his teeth, replied with a horse laugh, "Can they tell ye? Can they tell ye? Well, ye jest bet yer lily-white soul that there haint no old rounder in these diggin's what can't tell ye. They's precious few on this range what don't know old Madame Moustache. Why she—"

"Stop, stop, man!" cried the lad, his face flushing scarlet, his nether lip quivering and his fists tightly clenched. "Do you know of whom I am speaking? You misunderstood me. I asked to be directed to my mother's—Mrs. S. F. Horton."

"I don't keer if—"

"Here, Collins," exclaimed a loud, clear voice at the boy's elbow; "that's enough for you to-night. Drunk agin, be ye? Now you take a walk, sudden. Clear, I tell ye, or I'll round ye up to the queen's taste." The person addressed slunk away with muttered curses, while the new speaker turned and pleasantly accosted the youth. He was a man about thirty-five years of age, tall and herculean build, with pleasant blue eyes and a shrewd but kindly expression on his weather-beaten face.

"You musn't mind that tin-horn critter, stranger. He's an onery cuss, and does just naturally like to josh a tenderfoot. What was you a-askin' him?"

"Why, I merely asked if he could direct me to my mother's house—Mrs. Horton's."

"Hem! Yes. Jest so. Waal, ye see, she haint in town jest now. Seems like I did hear she moved up to the Judith region recently."

"Oh, I hope not. I should be so disappointed," and the tears started in the lad's eyes.

"Sho, now. Ye musn't take on so about it. Taint far from here—only a little jaunt. Yer mother was a tall sort o' woman, wa'n't she?"

"No, sir. She is not tall. She's rather stout."

"Jest so. Has black hair and eyes, haint she?"

"No, sir. Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue."

"Jest so. Jest so. Waal, that's the very lady what's moved up to the Judith. I heard 'em tellin' about it."

"But how shall I find her away off there?"

"Waal, I'll tell ye. Le' me see. Le' me see. Why, Steve Ryan, old Haines' chief herder, 'll be in town to-morrer, or next day, for shure, and he'll know jest where yer mar is."

"Are you sure he knows?"

"To be sure he does. Yes, indeedy, and Steve 'll take ye right up there with him. He'll do it sure. So ye can jest look on that as settled. Now have ye had yer supper?"

"No, sir."

"Neither haint I. Suppose we grub together. My name is Morgan—Pete Morgan, though the boys call me 'Idaho Pete,' 'cause I came from Idaho here."

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Morgan," said the boy, putting out his hand; "and I am very grateful for your kindness to me, but I thought my heart would break when you said mother wasn't here."

"'Twas kind o' disappointin'," said the other, as he took the delicate hand in his huge fist and shook it gingerly, as if he feared he might injure it. "'Twas kind o' disappointin', I do suppose, but we must make the best of it till Steve comes. Now, Mr. Horton, I don't know whether you're a drinkin' man or not, but if ye don't mind, I move we take a little somethin' before goin' into supper. Ye see," added Pete, apologetically, "I find it agrees with my health to take a little now an' then jest before eating."

"Why, my doctor gives me whiskey for my lungs right along, Mr. Morgan, and I'll drink with you with pleasure."

The curiously assorted couple wended their way into the next room with its glitter and glare, and up to the gorgeously decorated bar. Here a portly gentleman with fiery red hair, a heavy and wide-spreading moustache and a scarlet face, was dispensing liquors to the thirsty crowd. The occupants of the room all looked up as the two entered, and showed by their nods and whispers that the couple were the objects of universal curiosity.

"Major Sullivan, sir, I want to introduce ye to my friend Mr. Horton, from the States."

The Major paused in the midst of his ministrations, puffed and jerked his head by way of bow.

"What'll it be, gentlemen?"

"I guess I'll have a little Bourbon to-night, Major, bein' as its cold." (Mr. Morgan had



"CAN ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN TELL ME WHERE MRS. HORTON LIVES?"

drunk no other liquor for twenty years.) "What's your'n, Mr. Horton?"

"I think I'd like a milk punch, if you please, sir."

The Major snorted, puffed and proceeded to concoct that beverage, shaking it so energetic in the mixer that his face seemed to become redder and redder in proportion as the punch got colder, until, as he finished with an artistic flourish, his complexion had reached a hue commensurate with the face of Falstaff's Bardolph would have been pallid.

"There, sir," puffed the Major as he placed the finished punch before the boy and handed him a vase of straws; "taste that, sir, an' tell me if they can put 'em up any better in the States. An' say! If anybody tells ye about that d—d story about 'You'll take plain whiskey outen a tin cup'—when you get home you tell 'em it's a d—d lie, and you know it—a blankety, outrageous falsehood. Its a libel, sir, an infernal libel on the gentlemen barkeepers of the West, sir. The barkeeper leads the van of civilization, sir, an' he takes his science with him. 'Whiskey outen a tin cup' Hump!" And the Major subsided into an indignant and apoplectic silence.

The story to which the dispenser of cocktails alluded was a venerable and well-known one, to the effect that an Eastern man had once daintily asked at a Western bar for a "sherry and egg," to which modest request the barkeeper had replied, enforcing his remarks by presenting the muzzle of a revolver: "Sherry an' egg, is it? Sherry an' egg! Now, you hear me! You'll take whiskey straight, an' ye'll take it out of a tin-cup." This story always seemed to the Major like a personal reflection on his professional skill and resources, and never met an Eastern man without indignantly stamping the tale as a malicious falsehood invented to bring the Western barkeeper into ignominy and disrepute.

Their drinks finished, young Horton and his new friend sought the dining room. There was not such a variety of dishes as to occupy much time in making their selection, and their supper was soon ordered and served.

"You see, Mother didn't know I was coming," explained the boy. "I don't know as I did right in coming on without her permission, but it was Holiday time, and all the fellows had gone home to their mothers, and I was so sick and lonesome and didn't seem to get any better, and some times I thought I never should get any better; so I thought if I could only see my mother once more and lay my head in her lap, and have her nurse me the way she used to, I'd be sure to get well, so I couldn't help coming on. No," a lump rising in his throat as he spoke, "no, I couldn't help it."

"In course ye couldn't," replied his companion, as he effectually prevented anything from rising in his throat by the immense quantities of food which he thrust down it. "In course ye couldn't. Been sick, ye say?"

"Yes, I have had trouble with my lungs—a sort of cough, but it doesn't amount much. I know I'll begin to get well as soon as Mother begins to nurse me," he added, with that pathetic confidence which all consumptives have.

"In course ye will. In course. This is the greatest country for lung troubles ye ever see. Why, when I came out here I didn't have but one lung, and that one not very good, an' now look at me!" This astounding falsehood was told in a confidential tone which quite convinced the boy of its veracity, and he looked with wonder on the huge chest of his companion. "I was a sight worse than you be. Never you fear. You'll pick up jest as I did. Ye haint seen yer mar recently, I reckon."

"Oh, no, sir. Not since I was a little bit of a boy; but I remember her ust as well. She was just the best mother a boy ever had—so good and

kind and patient. You know she and my father separated then, when I was a little boy, and I staid with my father. I didn't want to, but I had to. There was some law business that I was too young to know anything about, and a part of it was that I must stay with him. Oh, how my poor mother did cry when she said good-bye. Father died two years afterwards, and do you know that Mother has supported me ever since? She sends me lots of money—more than I want, and she's sending me through college, and then she wants me to study law. Oh, she's done everything for me. She writes me every single week, such nice letters! Oh, she's the best mother! But, I suppose," he added, apologetically, "that every one thinks his mother is the best."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the other mechanically, while his thoughts, roving backward through the years, dwelt with strange emotion on tender memories almost effaced from the tablets of his mind. "The best mother," he murmured to himself, his thoughts returning chastened from their brief retrospection. "Poor little chap!"

Their supper finished, the new friends strolled slowly back to the bar-room. Here again the curiosity of the loungers was very marked, though the boy seemed unconscious of it. Pete, however, was quite awake to the scrutiny of the crowd, and after a few nervous turns up and down the room, he turned to his companion and said:

"It's too early to go to bed, Mr. Horton. What do ye say to lookin' around the city a little? We think we've got a great town here. It's a little quiet now, but we're expecting a boom in the spring, when the railroad gets in."

"Thank you very much. I would like to look about, if you're sure I am not keeping you from anything you had rather do. Perhaps you can show me the house Mother lived in when she was here. It seems to me it would do me good just to see the house."

"Waal, I don't know as I could show ye that to-night," was the reply as the two left the hotel.

"Ye see it's way over in another part o' the town that I ain't familiar with, an' I don't believe I could find it in the dark; but we'll try to-morrow, if ye say so."

"Oh, certainly. Any time to suit your convenience, Mr. Morgan."

"If ye don't mind, Mr. Horton, I'd rather ye'd call me Pete. It sounds more natural-like, and ye see if any of the boys was to hear you callin' me Mr. Morgan, they might think I was gettin' sort o' proud and haughty, and that wouldn't do, ye know; not by no manner of means."

"All right, Pete," said the boy, laughing for the first time. "All right; but then you must call me Harry."

"Harry goes. Now, Harry, shall we go to the theaytre?"

"Theatre? Do you have a theatre here?"

"That's jest what we've got, and a rip-snorter, too. Come along."

Pete led the way to a long, one-storied building, brilliantly illuminated. A large sign, occupying the whole front of the house, announced that this was "McVicker's Great Moral Show." They entered a long room which extended the whole length of the building, one corner of which was occupied by a bar, and the remainder by various gambling games, all in full blast. Over the bar was inscribed in large letters "For Admission to the Theatre Patronize the Bar." Pete complied liberally with this injunction, and the two then ascended a narrow stair at the rear of the bar, which led them to a gallery, wholly occupied by small boxes. They seated themselves in one of these, from whence they could get a good view of the stage, as well as of the crowded floor below them. As they entered, a woman scantily clad in the gauziest of attire was discord-

antly announcing the transparent falsehood that she was

"—such a pretty girl.

With eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearl!"—

and so on. The total want of veracity in this statement did not prevent the audience from vociferously applauding the song, and one enthusiastic auditor emphasized his appreciation by discharging his revolver at the roof. This person, however, was immediately seized by a be-starred individual who dragged him out.

"Ye see," said Pete approvingly, "it's jest the same here as in the States. If a feller pulls his gun in the theaytre we run him right in jest as they do in New York. Ye didn't think we was so civilized; did ye?"

"Oh, yes," was the polite reply, made a little nervously, as the report of the pistol had startled the lad. At this point there was the sound of laughter, mingled with a babel of male and female voices, and the door to the stairway by which they ascended was opened. Harry turned to look at the incoming party, but before he could do so, Pete had jumped to the door of the box, shut and fastened it.

"What's the matter?" asked the lad, half alarmed.

"Why—ye see," replied Pete, panting as though after great exertion, "I—that is—there's a fellow in town that's been a-layin' fer me fer some time, and I was afearid it was him. It beats all what a coward I be!"

"Does he want to hurt you?"

"That's just exactly what he does, the worst way; but I don't believe it was him after all. Jest hear that little cuss screech, will ye?"

The "little cuss" was a weazened girl of not more than ten years of age, who was singing, with many an imitated ogle and grimace, a song of the usual "Theatre Comique" style. This, too, was rapturously encored. The two remained at the theatre for some time longer, until the watchful eyes of the tender-hearted frontiersman noticed his companion's fatigue.

"Now, Harry, I see you're a little tired, and I guess we'd better be gettin' to bed. You've had a hard day's ride, and you'll want to get up fresh to see Steve Ryan, if he gets in in the morning."

The two left the theatre and started to return to the hotel. "Oh, Pete, see there!" cried the boy, pointing to a large transparency in front of a long, low building some distance in front of them, from which there came the sound of discordant music, the shuffling of feet and loud voices and laughter. "See! That transparency says 'Madame Moustache's!' What kind of a place is that?"

"It's a hurdy-gurdy," replied Pete, hastening his steps. "Come along, Harry. It's getting late, and the night air haint good for ye. Come on."

"But, Pete, that's the name of the woman that that man thought was my mother. Wasn't that funny? Oh, my! Isn't that too funny? What is a hurdy-gurdy, Pete?"

"Oh, it's a kind of a dance-house," replied his companion, hurrying on, his brows knitted and his hands clenched. "Not a nice kind of a place at all. They haint respectable, like the theatre. I wouldn't think of goin' into one of 'em, not by no manner of means. Come on, Harry, I swear I'm most froze."

"Oh, but, Pete, I want to see it—just for a minute; just one minute. I want to see what it's like so I can tell Mother what kind of a place the man thought she kept. Mother keeping a hurdy-gurdy! Oh, my! Oh, dear, dear! What a joke on poor Mother! Come on, Pete, only one minute."

They were now opposite the door of the dance-house, and Harry darted toward it with more animation than he had shown since his arrival.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Pete; "if she'll only stay at the theaytre till we come out!"

The two entered. A long bar ran the whole length of one side of the room. A platform occupied the center of the other, upon which were seated a number of musicians. Benches were placed about the walls, and either seated upon these or capering clumsily on the floor were perhaps two-score of half-intoxicated men, and half as many haggard, painted and bedizened women. A dense cloud of smoke, emblematic of "the smoke of their torment which ariseth forever and ever," filled the room. The music was discordant, and was almost drowned by the clatter of feet and the ribald laughter, shouts and curses of the dancers. Here was vice wholly stripped of illusion, grace or allurements; bald, naked, hideous vice, denuded of every disguise, and appearing in all its native loathsomeness. Harry

side door and reappeared behind the bar. She was a stout, middle-aged woman, with a sharp, quick, business-like eye, and beneath her not unshapely nose was a very faint line of dark down; not heavier, however, than those which one often sees on the faces of Frenchwomen who are not on account thereof thought uncomely. This woman placed her bonnet on a shelf behind the bar, and stood, with arms akimbo, looking at the revelers with the air of the proprietress of the place. Towards her Harry now rushed, and, standing on the foot-rail of the bar, leaned far over and looked eagerly into her face.

"Well, young feller," she remarked coolly, as she became aware of his scrutiny, "do you see anything to—"

"My mother! Oh, my God!"

LARGEST ORE DOCK IN THE WORLD.

Duluth *News-Tribune*: "The largest ore dock in the world is that of the Duluth, Missabe & Northern Railroad at Duluth. It has been in active use since Saturday, July 22, 1893, when, in the presence of a few of those most interested in this mammoth structure, the dumping of ore from ten Duluth, Missabe & Northern Railroad cars took place. But it was not until the following week that the regular operation of the new dock was inaugurated. To appreciate the size and magnitude of this marvel one must himself go to the west end and make a personal inspection. There are instances when figures fail as a method of description, and this is one of them. To say that the dock is 2,304 in length conveys a



"AN ASHEN-FACED AND FRANTIC WOMAN WAS KNEELING BESIDE THE BODY OF THE BOY."

shuddered at the spectacle, but there was yet a horrid fascination about it that made him tarry despite the entreaties of his companion.

"Haint you goin' to set 'em up, Tenderfoot?" asked a painted death's-head, with a hideous leer, as she approached him. He threw a half-dollar on the bar near her, and continued his inspection of the place. A moment later there was a bustle at the door, and a boisterous party of men and women entered and advanced into the room.

"Come, Harry, for God Almighty's sake, come now—come quick! quick!" gasped Pete as he caught him by the arm and tried to drag him away. But the boy, by a quick motion, evaded him, and ran into the crowd. A woman who had entered with the last party stepped through a

A moment later an ashen-faced and frantic woman was kneeling beside the body of the boy, from whose mouth was rapidly welling wave after wave of bright, frothy, arterial blood. A circle of horror-stricken men was formed about the pair, while, peering shudderingly over their shoulders, could be seen the frightened women, the rouge daubed upon their cheeks hideously accentuating the ghastly pallor of their faces.

A week later there was a fresh mound on the hill beyond the church, and the lights no longer flashed at midnight from the windows of Madame Moustache's place. She had departed, bearing with her the awful burden of her remorse, and the places that once knew her thenceforth knew her no more forever.

vague idea of the size; the statement that it will take you the greater part of half an hour to stroll out to its end and back again is more vivid, for the dock lacks but little of being one half a mile in length. In width it is fifty-two feet, and the height above the water is fifty-two feet eight and one-half inches. Along each side of the dock are 192 pockets, making in all 384, with a capacity of 175 tons each—total capacity, 67,200 tons. Seven of the standard ore cars of the Duluth, Missabe & Northern Railroad are required to fill one pocket, hence the entire dock will hold the enormous number of 2,688. The frontage of each pocket is twelve feet, the extension into the dock is twenty-one feet, and the depth is twenty-two feet. It is possible to load a boat in thirty minutes.



Friendly Suggestions From the Hub.

On page twenty-nine of the December number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE appeared an article from the editor which attracted my attention. The editor's remarks coincided exactly with my own views on the subject, and, in order to convey to the readers of the following lines the purport of the article referred to, I will quote the first paragraph of the same: "We intend to make special efforts in this magazine during the coming year to inform that class of our readers who are looking for good openings for farm operations in the Northwestern States, of special localities where there are exceptionally favorable conditions for such enterprises." These remarks prompted me to write these lines in support of and encouragement of the excellent idea which the editor purposes to incorporate in the columns of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE by subjects illustrative of the inducements offered settlers in the various lines of industry in certain localities in the Northwestern States.

If the resident farmers—the fruit, hop, garden and vegetable producers, and growers of other root crops, dairymen, etc., in North Dakota, of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Minnesota, would inform us through the columns of this magazine, elucidating the quality and average quantities of vegetables they raise, the grasses they grow for hay and fodder for their cattle, the fruits they raise, how the trees grow and when they bear, illustrating some of the costs and expenses in connection with these industries; also, the details of the hop growing, dairying, butter making, poultry raising, and in fact whatever line of specialty the farmer may be pursuing, with statements regarding the markets for different commodities produced—it would have a great influence upon the minds of readers not only at home, but in the East, where such detailed information covering a limited territory would be carefully read and seriously considered by many people.

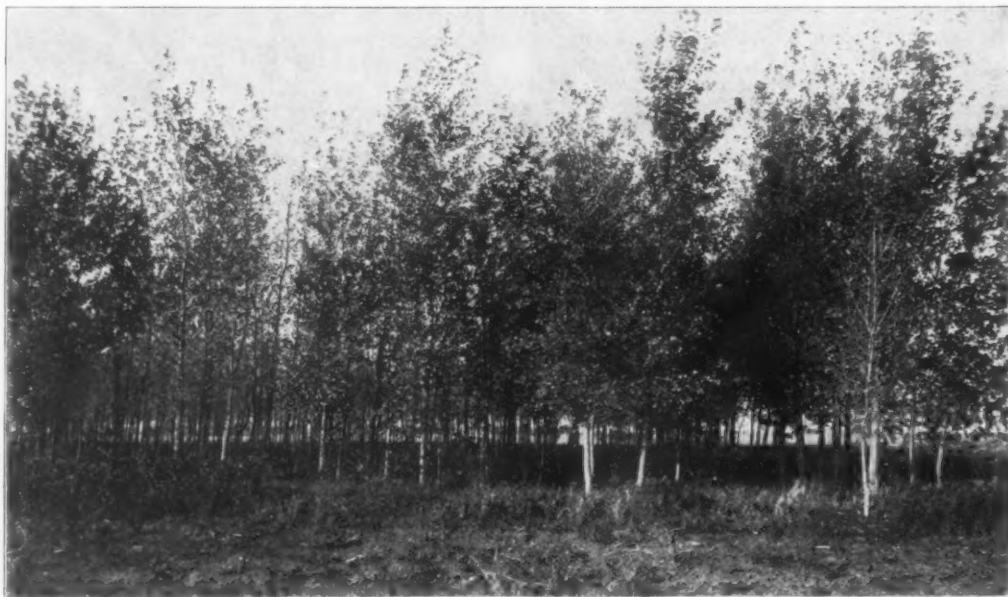
I will assume that many persons have read a great deal about our Northwestern country, and have sufficiently interested themselves to notice the development and progress it has made and is making. Consequently they can foresee, in some slight degree, the advantages offered to settlers and others in the States mentioned. Although these persons have acquired an excellent superficial knowledge of the mineral resources, the agricultural, lumber and stock-growing industries, and the difference of climate in the sections of country on either side of the mountains, I wish to emphasize the fact upon the minds of my readers that what would be next specially sought for by such people, and even those who had never before read anything about the country, would be reliable information. Such people would like to read truthful statements of facts respecting the industries in the localities written about by residents of

these States through the assistance of the editor of this magazine.

The people could do a great amount of good towards bringing their respective localities to the attention of other people by giving some of their experience in connection with some special vocation they pursue, which I think would be as beneficial as the thousands of printed pamphlets and letters sent out by colonizing agencies and emigration companies who have no reputation at stake and no interest in the country further than disposing of their lands and decamping to some other locality and working up schemes reputed to "offer better inducements than anything yet brought to the attention of the public." There are, however, some large land companies and individual land owners in the State of Washington, and in other States as well, who have good lands, and who offer reasonable inducements to settlers of small means who would locate on their lands to acquire homes. They are doing a great deal towards developing the country and are entitled to encouragement from the press and people for the large sums of capital expended in irrigation enterprises and building up and making fertile thousands of acres of land throughout the Northwestern country.

I have been a constant reader of magazines

and pork production. There has never been a year when cheese, butter (and milk, where a city or large town requires supplies) have brought better prices or readier sales. There has been a steady growth in the demand for choice berries, grapes, potatoes, celery and table vegetables, and the increasing demand at Duluth and other lake points, together with an ever-widening village demand, will continue to find markets for a much larger production than has yet been reached. Really choice dairy stock is scarce, high and in demand, and any great increase in dairy and cheese factory extension would find the supply inadequate to the demand. The high price of pork, and the discussion of the availability of using pork production as a means of disposing of the wheat crop to a better advantage, has set many farmers to experimenting, and the output of Minnesota has not only already increased but will show heavy gains in spring killing, and still greater in next fall's market. Potatoes have upon the whole realized good prices, and will undoubtedly find an ample demand when the spring opens sufficiently to allow shipping. The starch factories are busy, and new ones are projected in several localities. The demand for good beef cattle is also improving, in sympathy with the higher tendency of provisions and the



ARTIFICIAL TREE CULTURE—A TREE CLAIM IN NORTH DAKOTA.

and various other literary papers relating to the Northwestern country for the past four years; and, although my statements are only based on references from established principles, I think I make no delusive assurance when I am prompted to write these lines based upon statements made by the experienced gentleman who wrote the article quoted from.

In conclusion, I would state that the residents generally, by aiding the editor in obtaining information—the reliable data which he wishes to procure for the substance of the articles which I infer are to be published in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, would do more good for that country than all the reviews of whole States or several counties at a time ever issued, and satisfy, at the same time, inexperienced and uninformed persons that it is reliable information and not exaggerated and deceptive descriptions and overestimated statistics.

CASKEL LEVY.

Boston, Mass., January 20, 1894.

Probable Changes.

The record of the past year emphasizes the value of diversified farming to the Northwest, especially in the lines of dairy, garden, stock

revival of manufacturing operations. In flax the outlook for next year is good, and a material increase of the acreage devoted to this crop is likely to result, as well as greater care and attention than has usually been given to flax-raising in the Northwest. The high prices and heavy export demand for timothy and clover seed, and increasing Southern market for Northern-grown millet, will induce more attention to these specialties than in former years, and should result in better farming and larger profits to those who learn how to raise them successfully. It has been proposed that the culture of canary seed should be attempted here, and it is said that good results have been secured by those who have tried it in Minnesota. The prospect for a larger production of more profitable commodities than wheat, and a corresponding reduction of wheat acreage, are pretty certain to be noticed during the present year.—*St. Paul Trade Journal*.

Gallatin Valley Inducements.

Says the *Bozeman Chronicle*: The presence of E. V. Smalley at Bozeman last week and the fact that he is looking for places in Montana where settlers with some money can find pleasant

abiding places and earn a comfortable living by farming, calls to mind the undesirable proposition that this valley offers splendid inducements to all who have some ready money. There are many ranchmen here who own too much land and we ought to have a population three times as great. It will be argued that the present price of grain hardly justifies those already here in remaining in the business. But then it must be remembered that 1893 was decidedly an off year—doubly so as far as Montana was concerned, by reason of the downfall of our silver interests. But we are entering upon an era of prosperity; Montana produce is more in demand than ever before. With the starting up of mills, the building of railroads, etc., it is hardly possible that the Gallatin will be able to produce enough to cut off the supply of produce which has come from Nebraska and Utah.

The demand for poultry, butter and eggs, even at this time, is unsatisfied and the farmer can readily make a living and more, too, through the medium of the dairy and his poultry houses. Therefore, this valley, at the present price of land, under a ditch, has inducements that cannot be duplicated by any other community in the West, for those who are leaving the crowded cities to get upon a farm and to make a home. The Gallatin Valley has forty-seven school districts and as many school houses within its confines. It has churches and all that make life enjoyable. It has a climate free from harsh winds and enjoyable the whole year around. It has but few days of excessively cold weather, and then, without wind, this is not disagreeable. In a word, it is all that could be desired by those who wish to make a living easily, for its soil will yield larger returns for the amount of work spent upon it than any other in the United States. With an abundance of water, crops are assured and failure almost an impossibility. Heretofore it has enjoyed a convenient and first-class market, and this will be enlarged from now on.

Coming From West Virginia.

Among the earliest arrivals of settlers from the East this spring will be a colony of West Virginia folks, says the *Spokane Chronicle* of January 20. Until last fall the farmers and mechanics along the Alleghenies had a dim idea that Washington was a wild territory somewhere between the antipodes. Occasionally one of their number strayed as far west as Missouri or Kansas, and the Northern Pacific Coast was too far off to think about. But last fall some railroad circulars floated over the mountains, and now half the country is talking about Washington. The advance guard is already here. Two families arrived in November, and another came in from Montana a little later. Those who are here declare themselves more than satisfied with the country, and are now sending for their friends. Attorney A. J. Lacy, one of the leaders of the movement, is kept especially busy answering old neighbors' questions about the new land.

"From latest advices we expect fifteen or twenty families to arrive this spring," said Mr. Lacy. "There may be more, but that number is a safe estimate. Nearly all are farmers, though there are a few stone-masons, blacksmiths and other mechanics. They are our best class of people, part of the backbone of West Virginia. Every one will bring a little cash, say from \$300 up to \$3,000. Most of them will engage in farming. It was their intention to take up



ON A NORTH DAKOTA CATTLE RANGE.

claims, but we have advised them to take improved property. They will not need 160 acres apiece, either. At home, in the mountains of Mercer, Wyoming and McDowell counties, every foot of available land is cultivated, and where these people settle they will make it a garden spot. Fruits, vegetables and poultry raising are the occupations to which many of them are looking forward. They can't understand why, with all our advantages, these things bring so good a price. At home eggs are often sold for three cents a dozen and butter for ten and twelve cents a pound. Naturally they prefer Washington prices. The first colony will come as soon as spring begins, probably about the middle of March. If they are as well satisfied as we have been a larger number may be expected to arrive next year."

The Pig's Turn Coming.

When wheat was booming about the \$ mark, it was of little use to talk to farmers in the hard wheat region about growing hogs, particularly those who came from a corn region. A rapid and eventually beneficial change has been in progress in the past year or two. Four years ago the Union Stock Yards at St. Paul did not get enough hogs from the big scope of country north to disturb an average sewing society if all the animals combined their expiring vocal efforts. This season there is a lively sprinkling coming from Minnesota and the Dakotas. The total receipts of swine for this year will be nearly 450,000—not, however, half what are wanted. Some of the hogs come from Nebraska, corn fed, but are not regarded as equal in quality and healthiness to those from the further north where the feed is barley, wheat screenings, etc. It would be a very cheerful financial circumstance just now if the wheat-growers of Minnesota and the Dakotas had about a million head of fat swine to send to St. Paul in the next few months.—*Northwestern Farmer*.

Washington's Varied Wealth.

Varied as is Washington's mineral wealth; profound as is her forest of merchantable timber; predominant and extensive as are her mountains and hills, yet agriculture in its various forms

must become a leading interest. Agriculture is the basis of wealth; it is the conservative element of material and moral growth and prosperity. The wheat of Washington has already become staple in the markets of the world, but it is in fruits that the Evergreen State is destined to take high rank. While her gardens fairly riot in fat vegetables and plants, yet orchards and vineyards are in the future to cover the river banks and hillsides and give the East such fruits and wines as have never yet come from the Pacific Slope. Nowhere in America will orchard fruits, grapes and berries grow in more lavish abundance, of larger size and of such delicious flavor. Human ingenuity will spread water from the mighty Columbia and other rivers over the land. The lakes and springs in the mountains are already being utilized by the wise, who are saying with David of old: "Lift up your eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help."—*Moses Folsom*.

A Good Opening in Kootenay.

The gold belt to the southwest of Nelson may not have within its boundaries any such deposits of ore as are worked at Lead City, South Dakota, or at Juneau, Alaska, but the veins are not small and the ore is of a much higher grade than that milled by either the Homestake company at Lead City, or the Treadwell company at Juneau. They are also close to the finest waterpower in the world and within easy reach of the Columbia & Kootenay Railway. The ore runs all the way from \$8 to \$300 a ton, and milling tests give it an average value of somewhere near \$11. Gold ore of that grade should be profitable to work, for apart from the cost of mining the expenses of working should not be more than quadruple that at either Lead City or Juneau. At the Treadwell mine the cost of mining is sixty cents a ton, milling and concentrating forty-four cents, chlorination seventeen cents, other and incidental expenses fourteen cents; or a total of \$1.35. Four times \$1.35 is \$5.40, and it is safe to say the ore of the gold belt can be mined and milled for less than that figure. There is money in it for the man who has the nerve to take hold.—*Nelson (B. C.) Tribune*.



A JAMES RIVER VALLEY DIVERSIFIED FARM.

IRRIGATION IN MONTANA.

BY JERRY COLLINS.

Soft, glossy furs and peltries first attracted a few adventurous spirits to the land of the North, including the vast area within the confines of Montana, and these voyagers never so much as dreamed that the country would be of value except as a breeding ground for the fur bearers. Then came the feverish horde of gold seekers that formed the basis of a permanent population, and who were slow to be convinced that any industry, other than mining, could maintain an existence in the Territory. The men of herds and flocks came next, in due succession, claiming about everything in sight as "range" and laughing to scorn the pretension that agriculture could gain a foothold in this region. Many of them are still adherents of this theory, for they have indulged the idea to such an extent that they have come to sincerely and honestly believe their utterances on the subject. Until quite a recent period the general sentiment of the Territory and State was of this character; that is, was against the proposition that Montana could ever have an agricultural future, outside of the modest efforts put forth and results accomplished in the first bottoms of the mountain valleys, when water could be easily and cheaply conducted onto the land.

But despite all discouragements and obstacles, and contrary to the opinions of men wise in their own esteem, the farmer has come and is coming, and coming to stay. He is no longer received on probation, but on the contrary, the right hand of fellowship is extended and he is cordially welcomed to a full share in the good work of up-building the State, in which undertaking he will be in the future one of the strongest factors.

Identically the same evolution has taken place in other Western mountain States, notably in California and Colorado. These were, and measurably still are, great mineral producing States. At a later period the range industry became prominent, but to-day the value of the agricultural products of these States is many times greater than the mineral and stock outputs combined, and scarcely more than a beginning in agricultural developments has been made. These results have been brought about through the agency of the irrigating ditch, and in Montana like accomplishments may be expected—for the era of land reclamation and rapid development in agriculture is just dawning for this State.

Although carried to a high degree of perfection by the dwellers of the Southwestern plains centuries ago, irrigation in the United States was practically a "lost art," until recent years. The Mormons who settled in Utah and California were the first English speaking people to carry on successful farming with the aid of irrigation. These first efforts were made in 1854, and when four years afterwards the United States troops arrived in that region to suppress disorder, they found that Brigham Young and his followers had for a verity made the desert blossom as a rose. The gold discoveries of California, Colorado, Idaho and Montana and the permanent occupation of these Territories and other portions of the West, led to incipient efforts in the way of irrigation; but the founding of the Union, or Greeley colony in Northern Colorado and the commencement of fruit culture at Riverside and Fresno in Southern California, in 1870, mark the beginning of general irrigation in the United States. During the decade from 1870 to 1880 the progress of irrigation was slow, but the colony movement in connection with artificially irrigated lands received its first impetus and led up to the widespread attention that is now directed to this phase of the subject. From 1880 to 1890 the advancement was more rapid, and the interest

manifested in the reclamation of the lands of the arid region grew from year to year, until to-day it holds a place among the most important national topics. Statistics showing the progress made in the past decade would be of much interest, but the reader can find these same in the Government and other publications. Space is not afforded here. But take a single instance which may serve to illustrate the general subject: During the decade from 1880 to 1890 California gained in population thirty-nine per cent. In fifteen counties there was a loss of from one to seventy-three per cent, and these are counties that depend mainly on mining, stock-growing, lumbering, etc. In the eleven counties most deeply interested in irrigation, the gain in population has been 153 per cent, and in the six counties of Southern California, where the greatest advancement in land reclamation has taken place, the gain in population was nearly 400 per cent. The importance of irrigation is here presented in a strong light.

Another interesting side to the subject that I will but briefly advert to is that of land values created by irrigation. The evidence taken by the United States Senate Committee on Irrigation in 1889 on this question is interesting. It shows that in no cases were the estimates of increase of value over adjacent lands not "under ditch" less than \$2 to \$5 an acre, but the estimates generally run from \$15 to \$250 increase, and in exceptional cases, as in Southern California, a much greater sum. The consensus of evidence as regards the increase in value per acre under irrigation in different States and Territories is as follows: In Arizona as a rule land has no value unless irrigated; under ditch and cultivated farm areas are worth from \$15 to \$50, fruit lands from \$75 to \$150. In California irrigation increases the value of lands from \$50 to \$800 an acre. The increase in values in Colorado is from \$50 to \$400. The committee gives the value of non-irrigated lands in Montana at from \$1.25 to \$10 an acre; irrigated lands from \$25 to \$100 an acre. These results and figures will serve the purpose intended, viz: To point out the profits that may accrue from irrigation investments and the attraction they offer to capital. In what other direction is there promise of better returns for the money invested, with, at the same time, the highest class of security? In Montana the largest and best irrigation enterprises have cost from one to five dollars an acre for the land under the ditch. The completion of the canal and the distribution system gives this land at once a value of many times the cost of the works; but as the water is to all intents and purposes the land (the latter would be valueless without the former) perpetual water rights may be sold to colonies located on the lands at a moderate figure, but one that will at the same time yield handsome returns to the promoters. Another plan is to sell the water per acre per year to consumers, but it can never become popular with farmers, for the reason it is too heavy a tax, if it can be avoided. In past years, of course, these investments were not sought or considered, for the reason that there was no particular demand for irrigated lands. The value of artificial irrigation was not understood or appreciated, and besides, free public lands were yet to be had east of the dividing line, between humid and arid America. This is not the case to-day. Still the Western tide of immigration must flow on, and after the financial and industrial disturbances of the past year or two, will probably, within the next twenty-four months, reach a higher mark than ever. Where can these people locate—where can they establish homes? Where else, but on the 245,000,000 acres of land capable of reclamation (as estimated by the Agricultural Department) in arid America, of which 30,000,000 acres are in Montana?

This is the burning question for Montana to-day and its bearing on the progress and development of the State for the future will be greater than that of any other factor that may enter into the problem. History has no record of a great State founded entirely on mining or stock-growing, or both. These are important industries that add vastly to the wealth and prosperity of a commonwealth, but when unsupported by a soil product and a rural population, the highest achievements of Statehood are never attained. On the other hand, the grandest civilization of the ancient world had as a secure foundation the lands enriched each year by the waters of the Nile, Euphrates and other rivers. So will Montana advance in population and wealth as her numerous streams that now in great measure flow unrestrained to the oceans, are conserved for the enrichment of the soil and the uses of her people. This "consummation devoutly to be wished," is not far in the future.

Montana is often referred to as the "Treasure State," and what good citizen is not prone to point with pride to her record as a producer of precious metals! The annual production in this State of gold, silver, copper and lead is now about \$45,000,000. The corn crop of Iowa last year, in round numbers, was valued as \$125,000,000, and the entire agricultural production of that single State for the one year of 1893 was worth more millions of dollars than all the gold, silver, copper and lead Montana has produced in thirty-four years, or since Gold Tom put up the first set of sluices on Gold Creek in 1860. Does it not look as if the real treasure is in the soil instead of in the veins and contacts on the mountains? Every hand-book of Montana recounts in boastful vein the excellence and value of the range products of the cattle, horses and sheep; of the beef, mutton and wool. Yet look at Iowa again. The value of the cattle, horses and sheep in that State in 1892 was \$165,000,000; the value in Montana the same year was \$30,000,000. When a Montanian stops to look at these figures, he is apt to lose some of his conceit. His boasted stock and mineral wealth becomes mighty small under the comparisons instituted with one of the new Western agricultural States.

Ought not these figures constitute an object lesson for Montana? Should they not impress the importance of agricultural development, which is the substantial basis of wealth the world over and clearly the hope of this State for population and prosperity? But, it may be asked, are the conditions of soil and climate favorable for extensive agricultural development? In view of the results in this direction that have been achieved in the past, an affirmative answer can only be given. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The proof the soil and climate is in the crops produced. The report of the State Board of Equalization for 1892 (the latest in print) furnishes the evidence. As the result of carefully gathered statistics, the board learns that for the year mentioned there were 242,178 acres of land cultivated in the State, under ditches, and that the average yields of these irrigated acres were: Grains, (oats, wheat and barley) 41½ bushels; vegetables, 240 bushels; hay, (cultivated and wild) 1½ tons. In view of the results, there is no room to doubt Montana's capability in the agricultural line. Where else in the realm presided over by Ceres are the efforts of her votaries more handsomely rewarded! But experience the world over, where irrigation is employed, and of all ages, is of like character. By the application of water to the soil the highest accomplishment in agriculture is attained. These results are not exceptional or sporadic, but in the fullest sense permanent. The farmer is not at the mercy of the elements and the caprices of the clouds do not vary the success of his operations. Drouth has no terrors for him, and the hot winds of mid-

summer pass over his fields without blight. His ditch is an insurance policy on growing crops, and such a thing as failure need not be known on the irrigated farm. Besides giving moisture to the growing crops, water is a fertilizer of the soil and each year renews its strength. In illustration of this the case of the Pima Indians of Arizona may be cited. They have cultivated the same land—a portion of which is yet occupied by them—for 500 years. Nothing in the way of a fertilizer has ever been applied to the land except water, which enriches and fructifies it.

In closing this general glimpse of the subject I cannot do better than submit the "conclusion of the whole matter," as drawn by the Agricultural Department from the voluminous testimony taken by the Senate special committee on irrigation, which visited arid America in 1889: "The evidence taken everywhere showed that the production of grain can be doubled by means of irrigation within the arid region over equal areas within the humid States; that the production of root crops and garden vegetables can be increased from five to ten fold over the same crops elsewhere, and that the production of special products over large areas where the climatic conditions are favorable to them, aridity aside, the section possessing constant sunshine and soils laden with mineral elements will have, through irrigation, an advantage and security no other region on the continent can possess. This will prove to be true, not in horticulture alone, but also in the raising of enormous crops of sugar, tobacco, hemp and other articles of value in the markets of the world."

THE GREAT FALLS CONVENTION.

The absence of public interest in irrigation in Montana, until recently, is shown by the fact that the State Irrigation Society was not instituted until 1892, and by the further fact that the State has no legislation on the subject, other than general acts regulating water rights, etc. This in a State having more lands that can be irrigated, and more water available for that purpose than any other in the Union, is an anomalous condition to say the least. But in the past two years there has been a remarkable change of sentiment on this subject, and the future is full of promise for the advancement of the "irrigation idea" as well as the rapid development of the State through the instrumentality of the irrigating canal. The State press, ever alive to that which promotes the general welfare, has devoted more space and prominence to irrigation topics during 1893 than in all the other years since the *Montana Post* was first printed. The Montana State Irrigation Society is also doing a good part toward promoting the cause. The third annual meeting of this body was held at Great Falls January 11th and 12th. The attendance was not large, because the date was not a favorable one, and other circumstances militated against the general gathering that was expected. The programme as carried out included the following, with general discussion of each topic:

1. Reading of reports on the state of irrigation by Secretary Robbins.
2. Address by S. M. Emery on irrigation and agriculture.
3. Needs of Montana in irrigation, by Z. T. Burton.
4. The Wright law, by H. P. Rolfe and M. S. Parker.

These subjects and others naturally brought forward were ably discussed by the convention. There was no division of opinion as to the importance of irrigation to the State, of the need of enlightened legislation on the subject and of the necessity of a State Immigration Bureau. The following resolutions were adopted by the convention:

First—Resolved, That a State Board of Com-



HERBERT P. ROLFE.



S. B. ROBBINS.



PROF. S. M. EMERY.

missioners of Irrigation, and a State Engineer at a salary not to exceed \$3,000, whose duty it shall be to make surveys, gather data and provide regulations for the use of water, should be provided for by the next legislature, and that a State Commissioner of Immigration should also be provided for.

Second—Resolved, That our representatives in Congress be urged to use all honorable efforts in securing Government aid for Montana and the West, in the way of grants of land, or in moneys to be expended in surveys and in the furthering of irrigation canals and reservoirs.

A committee to inquire into the irrigation legislative wants of the State and to report at the next convention, was appointed. It was decided to hold the next meeting of the society at Helena about the first week in January next, when the legislature begins its work. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: I. D. O'Donnell of Billings, president; A. M. Holter of Helena, first vice president; W. M. Oliver of Dillon, second vice president; H. M. Parchen of Helena, treasurer; S. B. Robbins of Great Falls, secretary. Executive committee: H. P. Rolfe, chairman; Z. T. Burton of Choteau and Peter Winne of Helena. Engineering committee: J. W. Wade, S. B. Robbins, C. M. Thorpe and M. S. Parker.

MEN PROMINENT IN THE CONVENTION.

HERBERT P. ROLFE.—Mr. Rolfe was chairman of the executive committee upon the organization of the State Irrigation Society, and presided at the session of the convention in Helena, February 9, 1893; also at Great Falls, January 11, 1894. He has taken an active part in the work of promoting the interests of the State in this direction. Mr. Rolfe is a native of Vermont. He graduated at Dartmouth College, class of 1874. The next year he became assistant superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Blind but in 1876 came to Montana. For three years he was superintendent of the Helena schools, and in 1879 located at Fort Benton where he engaged in the practice of law and civil engineering. In 1883 he surveyed the townsite of Great Falls and the next year built a residence at that place, becoming permanently identified with the new town. Mr. Rolfe is editor and proprietor of the *Great Falls Leader*, and he has a farm within the limits of the city of Great Falls that has produced, even without irrigation, some very high-priced lots.

S. B. ROBBINS.—The secretary of the Montana State Irrigation Society the past year was S. B. Robbins of Great Falls, and his zeal and attentive efforts brought about his re-election for the ensuing term. Mr. Robbins was born at Lakeville, Conn., October 15, 1867. He graduated from the Hartford High Schools and then from the Sheffield Scientific School, civil engineering department, class '86. He then came West, immediately entering the service of the Union Pacific and afterwards of the Burlington Railroad company, in the engineering department. He was also one year connected with the Poughkeepsie Bridge System. He came to Great Falls in 1891 where he has since been successfully engaged in the practice of his profession of civil engineer, and is making a special study of irrigation subjects. Mr. Robbins is a member of the American Society of Irrigation Engineers and also of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

PROF. S. M. EMERY.—The principal paper of the convention was read by this gentleman and was received with much favor. Prof. Emery is director of the new Agricultural Experiment Station at Bozeman, and he has already demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the State that he is the "right man in the right place." That he has good claims to the title of "Westerner" is shown by the fact that he was born in Texas in 1848. His parents died of yellow fever

during his infancy, and he was sent as a child to relatives in Minnesota, in which State he continued to reside until he came to Montana in July 1892. In 1871 Mr. Emery organized the Lake City Bank, the oldest State bank in Minnesota, of which he was for many years vice president. In 1879 he organized the Jewell Nursery Company of Minnesota, of which he was secretary, and which became well known not only in that State but throughout the Northwest. Mr. Emery served two terms in the Minnesota legislature and was vice president of the State Agricultural Society for two terms. In 1890-91 he was president of the National Association of Nurserymen. In 1893 Prof. Emery was appointed director of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Bozeman and entered upon his duties July 1st. He also occupies a chair in the Agricultural College. Long before the close of the first year of their existence, these institutions are on the high road to prosperity and usefulness, and this good achievement is due in a large measure to the faithful and earnest labors of Prof. Emery.

M. S. PARKER.—One of the useful and prominent delegates to the convention was Mr. M. S. Parker, who has a national reputation as a civil engineer. Mr. Parker was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1851, and educated in the common schools of his native city. In 1869 he entered West Point, remaining two years. He then went to Berlin, Germany, where he took a four years' course in civil engineering. Returning to the United States in 1875, he engaged in general engineering work, chiefly in railroad construction. He was with the C. & N. W. Railway five years, then with the Burlington, and with the Great Northern during the years of rapid construction by that company of its Western extension. Mr. Parker located over 500 miles of road for the Great Northern alone, which is more than the average railroad engineer locates in a life time. He estimates that he has located in all 1,000 miles of railroad, which undoubtedly surpasses the record in this particular of any other engineer. In 1890 Mr. Parker located at Great Falls and became the engineer of the Great Falls Water Power and Townsite Company, having charge of the waterpower development at the Black Eagle Falls. It is conceded in engineering and hydraulic circles that at no other place in the world is the power better laid out and the construction more substantial and durable. Mr. Parker has had engineering charge of the construction of the massive bridges at Great Falls, of the First National Bank building, and in fact of nearly all the best blocks in that city. He is greatly interested in the subject of irrigation and proposes in the future to give that branch of his business special attention. Mr. Parker is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

W. O. DEXTER.—Prominent among the practical farmers in attendance at the convention as a delegate was W. O. Dexter of Fort Benton. He was born in Steuben County, New York, July 31, 1843, and educated in the common schools and at Cornell Institute. He enlisted in the 16th N. Y. heavy artillery in 1864, serving the remainder of the war, taking part in many engagements. In 1866 he came to Montana with one of the Fisk expeditions and had a remarkable career on the northern frontier of this State. After spending a year in the mining districts he went to Fort Benton in 1867 and commenced prospecting for coal instead of gold. In the fall of '68 he established a wood and coal yard at Cow Island, on the Missouri River. Here he was soon "set afoot" by Indians, and alone and on foot he followed the redskins for twenty-six days, returning with two horses and some of the other stolen property. The next ten years were spent on the frontier and they were full of excitement and adventure. When Chief Joseph was captured, Dexter carried the dispatches to Fort Shaw,



M. S. PARKER.



W. O. DEXTER.



HUGO J. HOPPE.

riding sixty-four miles in a little less than eight hours, without change of horses. When the farmers commenced tilling the bottom lands about Fort Benton, Mr. Dexter brought in the first threshing machine, and has since operated two or three machines each season. He had also a sawmill in the Highwood Mountains. In 1890 he located on his present bench-land farm of 320 acres, three miles from Fort Benton, where, until last season, he was very successful for three years in growing crops with only nature's irrigation. His crop last season, however, with fair promise at first, was practically an entire loss on account of drouth. He has always appreciated the value of irrigation, but this experience has given him the fullest possible realization of its worth.

HUGO J. HOPPE.—Mr. Hoppe, one of the charter members of the Montana State Irrigation Society, is a resident of Cinnabar, Park County. He was born in Germany on the 4th of February 1835, and came to the United States when a mere boy, locating in Illinois. He went to California in the early fifties. He enlisted in Company A, Second California Cavalry, at the beginning of the civil war, and served until 1863, when he was discharged at Camp Douglass, Utah. Mr. Hoppe then came to Montana, where he has since resided.

BIG TIMBER LAND AND IRRIGATION COMPANY.

Among the irrigation enterprises that have been projected in Montana during the past two or three years—and this is the extent of the period of activity in irrigation matters—that of the company above named is one of the most promising and important. As the name would indicate, the water to be used in reclaiming lands is taken from Big Timber Creek, which mingles its clear, sparkling volume with the Yellowstone waters directly opposite the town of Big Timber, Park County. This beautiful mountain stream, fed by numerous springs, and the perpetual snows of the Crazy Mountains, carries an average for the season of 50,000 miners' inches of water and at its lowest stage not less than 25,000 inches. This supply when properly conserved and reservoired, as it may be at comparatively small expense, would irrigate lands sufficient to provide for 2,000 families a farm of 80 acres each; but it is not the present purpose of the company to cover more than from 50,000 to 65,000 acres, which may be done at a cost per acre so low as to fairly astonish the average irrigation engineer. The extension of the enterprise to the limit of safe water supply will be undertaken at a later day.

The canal is taken out about 13 miles above the town of Big Timber in a canyon of the creek. The main canal, as contemplated, will be 15 miles in length, with branch extensions and laterals that will add largely to the mileage of the ditch. It will be 18 feet in width on the bottom, 22 feet on the top and have an average depth of 6 feet. This canal will readily supply all the water necessary to cover the area intended and particularly so inasmuch as the water supply, with the reservoir system in contemplation, is simply unfailing.

The members of the Big Timber Land and Irrigation Company (which is not a corporation) are State Senator Geo. M. Hatch, Thomas K. Lee and J. A. Hall, all of Big Timber. In 1892, they organized this enterprise by securing the water rights and other franchises, having surveys made and beginning the work of construction. In the early spring of 1893 work was resumed and it is hoped during the present year to carry the important enterprise to completion. An amount in the neighborhood of \$10,000 has been already expended by the company.

The lands that this canal will cover lie adjacent to the town of Big Timber, some as near as within two miles of the same. By reason of their situation with reference to the Crazy Mountains, the lands slope gradually to the east and south,

so that nature could hardly have arranged the matter to better advantage to facilitate irrigation, and at the same time call forth the best efforts of the soil. These are what are known as bench or table lands, the deep soil being a wash from the mountains near by, containing the mineral and other ingredients that render much of the land of Montana, when fructified by water, productive beyond comparison, almost. They are specially adapted for the production of barley, oats, wheat, rye, vegetables, hay, and particularly alfalfa, which promises to become one of the most important forage plants of the Western region. All of these crops have been grown with the greatest success on similar lands in the same section. The average yields per acre, with water and under ordinary conditions, have been: Alfalfa, 6 to 8 tons; timothy, 2½ tons; barley, 50 bushels; wheat, 40 bushels; oats, 75 bushels; potatoes, 300 bushels, and other vegetables in proportion. One farmer and breeder in the vicinity of Big Timber has 100 acres of alfalfa from which he harvests 3 crops a year, securing from 6 to 8 tons to the acre. This he feeds to cattle, hogs and sheep, finding always a good home market for the fat animals, and in his operations is eminently successful. Others, on probably a smaller scale, carry on diversified farming with proportionate success. There is room in Montana for thousands of farmers of this class, and the completion of the Big Timber canal will make place and opportunity for a few hundred of them. Being on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, one-half of this land belongs to that company, secured by grant of Congress, and the other half is free Government land, subject to entry under the Homestead and Desert Land acts. At present, the herds and flocks of the stockmen have part possession, but they must inevitably give place to the farmer and small stock breeder, who, with the assistance of the irrigating canal, will make many blades of grass grow where one does now, and who will thus play an important part in populating the State and developing its great resources. Timber is abundant on the mountain sides within easy reach of these lands, most of which are likewise underlaid with a good quality of coal. Another advantage to be mentioned is their proximity to the main line of a transcontinental railroad, guaranteeing the lowest possible transportation charges.

There are few, if any, large areas like this in the State where nature has made it so easy to reclaim the lands. The cost of completing the canal per acre of land covered will be comparatively a small sum, and in the same proportions, naturally, will be the water rentals or the cost of perpetual water rights. The completion of this irrigation enterprise will make opportunity for the establishment of a small colony of farmers and stock breeders with every prospect offered of achieving the highest success. With ordinary effort and energy and intelligence, there is no room for failure.

With the questions of the productiveness of the soil and of the practical water supply settled, the next considerations are the location, local government, markets, etc. These lands are adjacent to the town of Big Timber, which is one of the strong and growing trade centers of the State. The present population is about 1,000. It is a solidly built town, having stone and brick blocks of as substantial a character as one would expect to see in a city of ten times the population. It is the market for an immense tributary wool-growing district, as shown by the fact that during the season of 1893, the shipments of this product from Big Timber amounted to 2,775,000 lbs. Besides its agricultural advantages, it is the distributing center and trading point for some of the most promising mining camps in the State, including Boulder, Cook City, Deer Creek

and Rye City. Development has but fairly begun in these districts and in the near future they will maintain a large population, which, being of the non-producing class, will afford a good local market for the farmers of the valleys and bench lands about Big Timber.

But the market question need not give the least trouble to any one. That will settle itself. In this greatest of all grass and forage and stock States, no one proposes for a moment to grow grain and vegetables for export to the Eastern centers of population. The long haul stands in the way. But the beef, mutton, pork and horse flesh, fattened on the grain and alfalfa, grown by the irrigation farmer, can be sent to any market at a good profit to the producer. The barley is manufactured into malt right here at home, and the farmer gets a fair price for that grain. Wheat and oats will be made into flour and meal, for which there will be a market in the non-producing centers, such as the mining and timber camps and in the large cities. The market is as secure as it is to the most favorably situated farmer of the Mississippi Valley, and will always be a better one, so far as prices are concerned.

The farmer who would locate on the lands of the Big Timber Land & Irrigation Company would enjoy practically all the advantages of an Eastern community. This would be especially true if it were a colony settlement. On small tracts, ideal limited, intensive farming is the system under irrigation. All desirable advantages of schools, churches, villages, etc., would be afforded, and such a colony, so favorably located in Montana, ought to be a contented and prosperous one. State and local government is as good as the average throughout the country, and perhaps better. A person is as secure in the enjoyment of life, liberty, property and pursuit of happiness as anywhere in our land, and the opportunities for advancement along other lines are greater.

The particular portion of Montana it is sought to describe is a portion of Park County, of which Livingston, the gateway of the National Park, is the county seat. A movement has been inaugurated, however, and is well under way, with promise of success, to create the new county of Sweetgrass, of which Big Timber will be the seat of government. The proposed new political division will be purely an agricultural and mining county, and being one of the best watered regions of the Rocky Mountain country, with extensive valleys and table lands, upon which water can be carried in canals and ditches, it is certain to become one of the wealthiest and most populous, as it will be one of the most compact, counties of the State. Messrs. Hatch, Lee and Hall, the promoters of the irrigation project described, are prominent and enterprising citizens of Big Timber and either of them will be glad to give such additional information regarding their town, section or irrigation enterprise as may be sought by interested parties.

Northern Travels.

The following from the *Edmonton Times*, published by J. B. Spurr, formerly of Emerson, gives an idea of Northern travel, and calls to mind similar experiences to some of our readers in the early history of the Red River of the North district: "H. Beauchamp, who left for Athabasca Landing recently, has a lonesome journey before reaching his destination, Lesser Slave Lake. He will wait at the Landing for dog teams and then proceed by trail 200 miles through brush to his post. The dog teams on their way down carry sufficient fish, which, tied up in sacks and hung up in trees, are left for food on the return journey. This with 'bannacks' made with flour at each meal, constitute the bill of fare for the journey. He expects to complete the trip in ten days."—*Pembina Pioneer-Express*.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Oh! singer sweet, whose simplest thought
Reveals itself in words that sing
Themselves into the inmost heart—
A nation mourns her poet-king!
You knew all Nature's mysteries,
From those clear eyes she could not hide
One secret that she calls her own,
And which to others she denied.

You talked with her in all her moods,
And with a master's careful hand
Translated all her mystic speech
In simple words we understand.
You knew each hidden leafy haunt
Where some shy wild-bird latest sings,
You caught the sunshine as it fell
Upon the folded glossy wings.

You caught the rhythm of its song,
From whispering reeds and pebbly brooks;
You learned the needs of human hearts—
A wisdom never learned from books;
And yet, through all your sweet songs runs
A broken chord—an undertone
Of sadness creeps into the strain
You meant should breathe of peace alone.

This is the secret of your power—
'Tis common things inspired your song;
You felt the sorrows that you wrote,
Your wrath was roused by real wrongs;
You placed yourself in closest touch
With human hope and human need,
You felt the throb of troubled hearts,
You dared for human rights to plead.

The songs are sung, the singer mute,
We laid him low, and through our tears
We said, "How can we do without
This loving friend through all the years?"
Aye, laid him low with reverent hands,
Where flowers bloom and soft winds sweep,
Death cannot end so pure a life,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

FLORENCE A. JONES.

Hampton, Ia.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Down a dusty road he wanders
On a summer afternoon,
With his lips all in a pucker
Whistling a merry tune:
O'er a field of scented clover
To a brook where willows grow,
With a heart a king might envy
Does the happy minstrel go.

On a fallen elm tree sits he
With the little brook close by,
Sees upon its placid surface
The reflection of the sky:
Wonders if the fish are napping
Or the bait is off his hook,
Thinks he'd rather rest from fishing
And go swimming in the brook.

Down between the willows bounding
Comes a comrade, barefoot, too:
"Let's go swimming," says the first one,
And the second, "Say we do!"
Merry ripples kiss the willows,
Jolly laughter fills the air,
And the sun upon the water
For them spins its rainbows fair.
O'er the field with hair still dripping
Thro' the clover sweet they go,
There is joy and purest pleasure
In their simple hearts, I know,
Simple pleasures often bring us
Purest, sweetest kind of joy,
And at times I almost envy
That sun-burned and barefoot boy!

St. Paul, Minn.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

A BROKEN PROMISE.

As I lie awake in the morning
At three when the dawn is glum;
When the sun, all the star-light scorning,
First wafts his promise to come;
When the earliest rooster is crowing,
And the fog lies close to the sea,
When the moon's light fainter is glowing—
I remember your promise to me.

When I lie awake in the morning
In the gray dawn of age to come,
When thy fickle caprices and scornings
Have stricken my loving voice dumb;
When the trumpet tone's echo is flowing
To welcome a soul that is free—
When the life you have saddened is going,
I'll remember your promise to me.

FRANK C. TECK.

SUCCESSFUL MONTANA MEN.

HENRY MACDONALD.

[AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.]

I was born March 20th, 1849, in Canada. My father was a Presbyterian clergyman, and I received a good high school education, and was early filled with a spirit of adventure; so that at fourteen I enlisted in a New York regiment, took part in eighteen battles and was wounded at Petersburg, Va. After I recovered I was detailed for detached service at Gen. Augur's headquarters at Washington, and while there saw the wounded Lincoln carried out of Ford's Theatre, was present at the trial of the conspirators, and saw them hung. I saw Capt. Wirtz, of Andersonville notoriety, hung at the old capitol prison, and that same day left Washington with a companion from Southwest Missouri to engage in stock-raising. That section, at that time, was the home of the Southern guerrilla, and we got into trouble there, not of our own seeking, which obliged us to leave in a hurry during the night.

I had heard of the game, Indians and gold of the Rockies, so, in the spring of 1866 I started for Montana, and, entranced by the sight of the

immense herds of buffalo and other game, the picturesque looking Indians, and the chances for adventure, stopped on the Missouri, two hundred miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone River. At this period Montana was a paradise of game. I have traveled for four hundred miles in one direction, never out of sight of vast herds of buffalo. The country was "one robe," as it was tersely and graphically said in Indian sign-language. Herds of elk, numbering from one hundred to fifteen hundred, browsed on the mountain-tops; while the foothills were the home of the deer and antelope. The carnivora were ably represented by the mountain lions, bears and wolves, the latter so plentiful that the skins of more than 200,000 were shipped from one point in a single year. I have sometimes tried to estimate the number of buffalo and other game I have individually killed, but I fear to give the number. I will only state that I once sold more than eight hundred antelope skins of a single year's hunt. I have killed in a day's hunt thirty-four elk, and I can recall to mind more than a hundred bears upon whom I have put a quietus. As to wolves, a party of five of us, in 1867, averaged for the season fifty wolves per day. I have seen more than five thousand buffa-

los killed in a single day's hunt by Indians.

Game hunting was a monotonous, everyday business; the excitement was the battles with the human carnivora,—the Indians lived on meat "straight." I have lived on meat straight for a year myself. Once on a long trip, caught in the storms of a severe winter, I subsisted for eighteen days on rosebuds, which were plentiful on the creeks, although they are a diet more poetic than substantial. I became acquainted with Sitting Bull when that wily savage was an obscure Indian, before jobbery and newspapers made him famous.

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The Missouri River, below Fort Benton, was the dark and bloody ground of Montana. In one year two-thirds of the whites from Benton to the mouth of the Yellowstone were killed. I have personally been in twenty-three different engagements with hostile Indians. I have been alone, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest white man, and run down on the open prairie by a naked war party. With four others I have been surrounded by a Sioux war party, our horses killed, a burning sun, no water and no ammunition. I have found, in making a visit to a party of nine acquaintances, their butchered bodies, scattered about as they fled in terror. I was once alone in the Crow camp when the Sioux, who attacked it, captured more than six hundred horses. I took the part of my hosts—the Crows—and we succeeded in getting back more than half the horses, besides killing seventeen of their number and losing about the same number of our own party. I was presented with a very fine horse in token of my services. I have shot at an Indian as he was taking the scalp from a white woman, but he escaped by dodging through the high sage-brush. I have seen the dead body of a harmless German, shot from ambush while engaged in his daily work, his faithful little dog guarding his mutilated body and piteously snapping at the flies to drive them from the pallid face of his murdered master.

I was one of a party surrounded by savages, and, in flight, obliged to leave the wounded, to afterwards learn how their living eyes had been gouged out by savage knives, their cut hands showing how the knife had been grasped to repel its fiendish work. I have staid with two wounded comrades for ten days in proximity to a hostile camp, and escaped. I took part in a battle in which a few white men, ambushed by Indians, turned the tables on their red foes, and almost annihilated the entire war party. I have entered a hostile camp alone, after this same battle, while the relatives of the killed Indians, in their custom of mourning for the dead, had their faces still blackened, their amputated fingers still sore, their shorn hair still short and their nightly lamentations still in progress—and departed unharmed. But the bare recital of all these gruesome adventures would be a monotonous tale of blood, war and massacre. In these ferocious contests of tiger-hearted men there is material for a far more sanguinary "Iliad" than Homer's. The wild epics of this dark section would be a story of relentless and exterminating war, waged with man and beast; a record of crimson flame and gore, from which the gentle features of compassionate pity were almost banished.

I can recall some tragic scenes that make the Caucasians, expert in the use of arms, appear like gods, compared with the undeveloped, savage heroes; some scenes are so pathetic that the very recollection is a wailing dirge; some so grotesque, that they suggest the planning of a grinning satyr; some so murderous that a malignant fiend, ranging hot from the lower depths of hades, might stand abashed before their lurid atrocity. In 1871 I went on the Cedar Creek mining stampede, and from that on engaged in placer mining during the summers, returning to



HENRY MACDONALD.

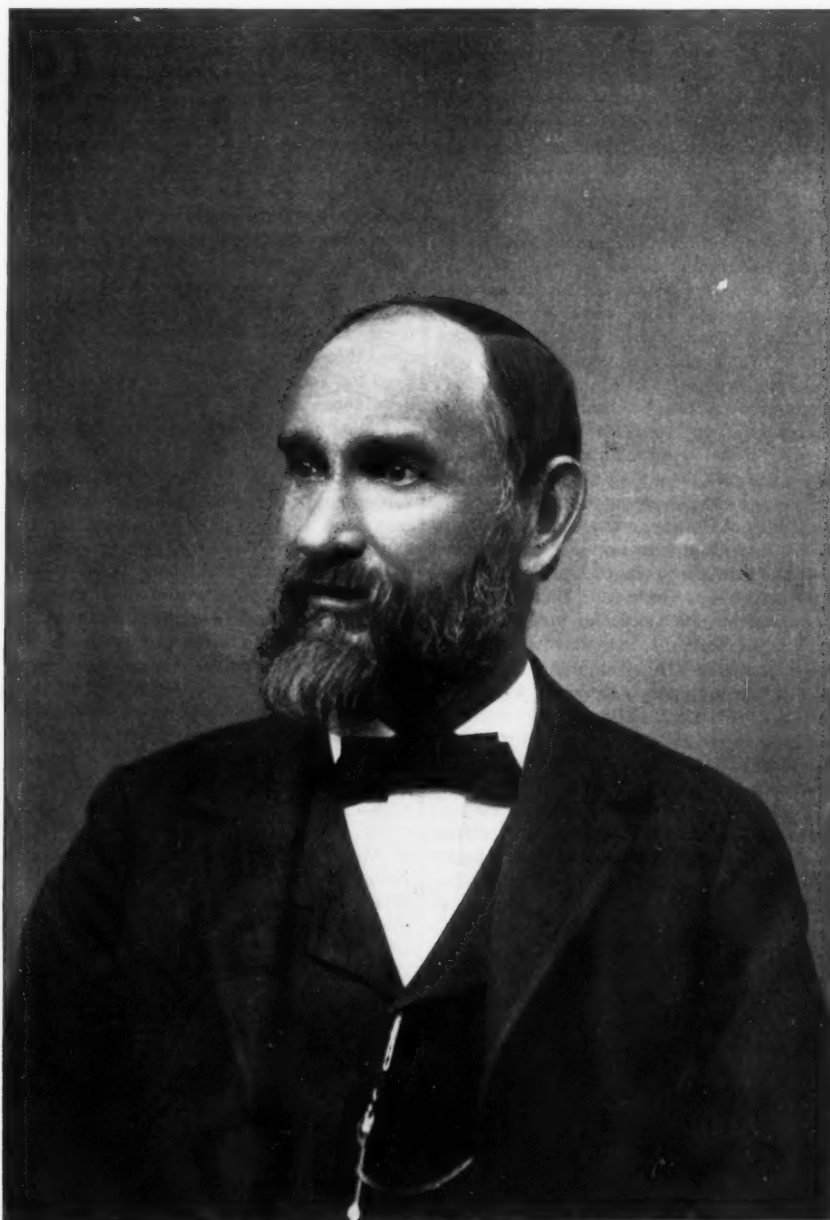
the Indian country to trade or hunt during the winter. My last connection with that section was when I was employed to guide the military and civil expedition, under charge of E. G. McClay, through the Indian country to Carroll. Mining was not a success with me, but I became deeply imbued with the idea of the value of the nutritious grasses of Montana when turned into wool, mutton and beef. In 1876, the Smith brothers and I went to Idaho, purchased a thousand sheep which we placed on a range at White Sulphur Springs. At this place we had a herder named Murphy, a most estimable man, killed by the Nez Percés. In three years we had so many sheep that our range became too small, so we dissolved partnership, and I took my sheep to the neighborhood of Benton, on account of the better transportation facilities. Here I formed a partnership with Paris Gibson. We suffered a very heavy loss through the ravages of scab, (over \$30,000) but eventually came out all right.

Feeling that I had acquired a competency, I sold out my sheep and ranches and retired from business. Since retiring I have traveled around the globe, viewing the manners and customs of the various nations of the earth and becoming more convinced than ever that our own land is the best in all the essentials that go to make happiness and prosperity.

HON. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

One of the quiet, unassuming citizens of Montana is Hon. Wm. Thompson, of Butte, who is not in the least given to boasting about his frontier record, and yet it covers a period of nearly forty years! Mr. Thompson first saw the light at Cobourg, Ontario, Canada, March 1st, 1838. Here he lived until he was thirteen years old, receiving his education in the public schools. The father having died, Mrs. Thompson removed with her children to the United States, locating in Detroit, Mich., in 1851. Here William learned the cabinet and carpenter trades, and has been from that time to this a worker in wood, either as a journeyman carpenter or as a manufacturer, or employer of the craft. At the age of eighteen William set out to carve his own fortune, and proceeded first to La Crosse, Wis. This was in 1856, and La Crosse was then a frontier settlement. He saved a little money by working at his trade, and in 1859 pushed farther west, into Minnesota. After a short stay here, he joined a party of adventurers and crossed the Dakota plains by way of New Ulm, Lake Benton, Big Pipe Stone and Sioux Falls, to Yankton on the Missouri River, arriving in the fall of 1859. Here he met and formed the acquaintance of Dr. Burleigh (afterwards a resident of Montana), who was agent of the Yankton Indians. The following spring the Sioux took the war path and the massacre at New Ulm and outrages committed elsewhere by them created considerable alarm at Yankton. The settlers gathered at the latter place and prepared for war. A militia company was organized of which young Thompson was a member, for home protection, but fortunately active services were not required. Thompson had at that time the contract for the erection of the capitol building, or the one that was to serve as such for the Territory of Dakota, of which Yankton was then the capital. His material was about all on the ground, and in the "war" emergency, it was appropriated and used to build barracks for protection against the expected hostiles. He never recovered the material or the value of it.

In the fall of 1861, a party came down the Missouri River in mackinaws from Fort Benton, then the headquarters of the American Fur Company in the Northwest. They stopped at Yankton and exhibited a quantity of gold, which they said came from the mountains south of Fort Benton. The next spring, 1862, a small party from



HON. WM. THOMPSON.

Yankton went up the river on a steamboat to Fort Benton in search of treasure, and from that point penetrated the mountains. Among them were two brothers named Hulbert. They got as far as Prickley Pear Valley, near where Helena now stands, and found some gold at or near Montana City, being undoubtedly the first discoverers of these diggings, which afterwards proved to be rich and extensive; but they were not successful and the same fall returned to Yankton in Mackinaws. The Hulberts worked that winter for Mr. Thompson and gave him such an account of the mountain country and its probable treasure that he lost no time in the spring following in starting for that region. As there was no certainty of a steamer, he started for Omaha with a wagon and yoke of oxen, accompanied by one of the Hulbert brothers. At Omaha they joined a wagon train and crossed the plains. They went direct to Bannack and then to Alder Gulch, arriving at Virginia City, September 16, 1863.

During all these years on the frontier, Mr. Thompson stuck tenaciously to his trade, and did not vary the rule even in Alder Gulch, where nearly everybody else was expecting to dig a fortune out of the ground in a short time. He took a kit of tools along with him and found them of great service. The first winter, when most of the peo-

ple of the camp were idle, waiting for the mining season to open, Thompson was diligently at work making doors, frames, sash, etc., the material of which he hewed out of pine trees, and earned easily from \$10 to \$15 per day. He soon formed a partnership in the building business with a Mr. Griffith, the style of the firm being Griffith & Thompson. They built many of the first houses of Virginia City, and among them the one which, in an unfinished condition, was used by the vigilantes as a convenient place and gallows upon which to execute, at one time, Boone Helm, Jack Gallagher, Frank Parish, Haze Lyon and "Club Foot George," in the month of January, 1864. The following spring Thompson and his partner purchased claim Number Two from James Fergus and worked it that season. In the fall of the same year he organized a party of 168 men who wanted to return to "the States" and piloted them down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers on mackinaws. He had the mackinaws built at a point on the Yellowstone above where Livingston now stands, where the party embarked on the tenth of October. There were thirteen boats in the fleet, and for the first few days the swift current took them along rapidly; but reaching the lower Yellowstone it was found necessary to ply the oar, and progress was much

slower. The danger of being frozen in was imminent and every effort was put forth to hasten the journey. After reaching the Missouri they made better progress, but here had to run the gauntlet of the "scallawag" Sioux, who were ready and anxious to lift a scalp whenever the opportunity was afforded. They reached Yankton in safety, however, after several narrow escapes both on land and water, on the 21st of November, when the party disbanded.

Mr. Thompson returned to Montana the following spring, 1865, going direct to Virginia City. He engaged with his partner, Griffith, in general building, and besides other work, erected four or five of the first quartz mills constructed in the Territory. In 1866 the firm commenced operation in Helena, erecting the King & Gillett, Taylor & Thompson and several other blocks, executing in one year contracts to the amount of \$76,000. As early as 1868 Mr. Thompson built and operated a sawmill near Virginia City, and has been in the sawmill business ever since, operating in Madison, Beaverhead, Deer Lodge, Missoula and Silver Bow counties. He is now vice-president and general manager of the Montana Lumber Company of Butte and Helena, one of the most extensive and successful institutions of this kind in the State.

While always an active mechanic and business man, Mr. Thompson has ever been willing to give a share of his time and talents to promote the public welfare. He did his part willingly in the first years of the Territory to bring law and order out of chaos. He served in the city council of Virginia City in 1873-74, and after removing to Butte, represented the people of Silver Bow County three different sessions in the legislature—in the House of Representatives of the fifteenth session, in the Council of the sixteenth session and again in the House of Representatives of the first session under the new State government. In his capacity as law maker, Mr. Thompson served his State ably and conscientiously.

Mr. Thompson was married at Virginia City in 1867 to Annie M. Boyce, daughter of Major Boyce. They have five children—three grown sons and two daughters. The eldest, William B. Thompson, is in charge of the business of the Montana Lumber Company at Helena, and James R. and Edwin are faithful lieutenants of their father at home. The two daughters, Mabel and Flora, are nine and eleven years of age respectively.

J. C.

THE BATTLE OF THE MUSSELSHELL.

[Herewith are given the thrilling details of one of the incidents alluded to in the autobiographical sketch of Mr. Henry Macdonald. It is doubtful if the pioneer annals of Montana, rich as they are in deeds of daring, contain a more striking instance of bravery and heroism than is here portrayed. Mr. Macdonald is well known in the State and many are still living who shared with him the dangers and hardships of the "dark and bloody ground" on the Missouri River. The narrative is not to be accepted in a Falstaffian sense; it is history. Mr. Macdonald is now a resident of New York City, in the prime of life, wealthy, cultured, and, to meet him on Wall Street, about the last person one would take to have been a participant in twenty-three engagements with hostile Indians.—ED.]

A typical trapper frontier settlement was the Mouth of Musselshell;—seldom was the baleful glare of vindictive massacre absent from this luckless spot. One morning in April, 1869, after a succession of almost daily skirmishes, a party of sixteen Indians crept through the sage-brush and opened fire on some squaws gathering greasewood, for fire-wood. The Indians when discovered fled up the valley. They were not running very fast, and the whites were gaining on them, when suddenly there came a shot, which killed Jake Leader, from a coulee on the bank of the Musselshell, and the whites saw an ambush. Had

the Indians seized the moment of the panic, no white man could have escaped the massacre. The whites turned to run; one man there saw the danger of flight and stopped it with a leveled rifle. The Indians had, probably, been trying to bring about this ambushade for several days. Their principal force was cached in a square coulee on the bank of the Musselshell. Their plan was to make feint attacks with a small party, so as to induce all the whites to run after them; their decoy party was to run by the hidden Indians, and when the pursuing whites came close to the ambush, the Indians were to jump out, and in the surprise and panic kill every white man. It was well and ably planned, and probably owed its failure to some nervous Indian who had fired too soon; but even as it was, it would have been successful had they made their onslaught in the moment of panic and terror that followed their first shot.

Most of the whites gradually withdrew to the settlement or to a safe distance from danger. Six men kept their position within thirty or forty steps of the now besieged Indians. We thought there was quite a number of them, but did not know how many. After a short time another white man named Greenwood was shot through the lungs and had to be carried back. We resorted to various artifices to get a shot at the Indians. Two men would lie close together behind a clump of sage-brush; one would show his hat on a stick to draw a shot from the enemy and the other would fire at the flash of the Indian's gun. A couple of hours were passed in this way, and it began to look as though we should not accomplish anything, when, fortunately, it began to rain. We were armed with breech-loading rifles, the ammunition of which rain would not injure; the Indians were armed with flint-lock guns and bows and arrows, and as they were stripped naked for war, they could not protect their arms. We were getting impatient, and, relying on their arms being useless on account of the rain, started to charge their position, but were appalled at the sight of their numbers in the coulee. The only possible way to reach them was for some of us to cross the Musselshell, get in their rear, open fire from there and drive them out of their coulee, when those on the other side of the Indians would have a chance at them, and thus place them between two fires. I suggested this plan to Frank Smith and Joe Bushaway. They agreed with it, and we three prepared to cross the river. We crossed about forty steps above the Indians' position. The Indians, when they saw us make this movement, came to the mouth of the coulee and tried every means to get their guns off. One would aim a gun and snap the flint, and another pour powder on the pan. Other Indians tried to shoot us with arrows, but their bow strings possessed such feeble force that the arrows could scarcely reach us. The stream was miry behind the Indians—where we crossed it was tolerably solid, but the water in the deepest portion took me to the arm pits; the other men, being taller, did not have so much trouble. The two others wore buckskin shirts—I was dressed in buckskin complete, and in crossing the stream my buckskin pants lengthened and interfered with me so much that I was obliged to kick them off (although I had about \$500 in the pocket) and throw them to the opposite shore, where I afterward recovered them. During the remainder of the battle I had nothing on but a shirt. Nearly all the men belonging to the settlement were back about a half-mile from the Indians. We three had crossed the stream and were opposite the Indians, about sixty steps off, and had commenced to fire on them, when this mob, seeing us in our flesh-colored buckskin clothes, mistook us for Indians, and opened a heavy fire on us, obliging us to retreat across the river again. When the Indians saw our plan,

the uselessness of the arms and the trap they had placed themselves in, they realized their fate. A gloomy Nemesis scowled grisly retribution for the massacre of many a white man. We could see the smoke from the circling pipe and hear the low wail of the death song.

Next time, Jim Wells, Frank Smith and Frenchy crossed the Musselshell at a better point and opened fire on the Indians from the rear. The Indians jumped out of the coulee with wild fear and panic, and were met by a withering volley from those on the bank, which caused them to run almost anywhere in their blind terror. There was not a cheer nor a yell; not a sound but that of the panting of the breathless, horror-stricken Indians, and the rattle of the fire-arms, which sounded terribly distinct against the lowering, rainy sky. In their wild despair the Indians plunged into the river. Some were shot as they mired, others dragged their wounded bodies to the brush. No Indian would have escaped had it not been for this mob a half-mile off. They fired indiscriminately at friend or foe and prevented us from closing in on the Indians. It is the curse of undisciplined bodies that their panicky fear invites massacre, and their want of union snatches the fruits of success out of the very grasp of victory. Men who took an active part in the battle scalped the Indians, but no brave man otherwise mutilated the dead. Thirteen Indians were left dead on the ground and thirty-five in the brush. Their camp, when they came in to gather up the remaining bones and lament the dead, acknowledged that only one of the ninety-odd who were in the fight escaped without a wound.

Next day we found the cache where they had stripped for the fight, in which there were more than a hundred robes, a great many moccasins, and two war bonnets. The robes and moccasins were sold and the money given to the wounded man, Greenwood. Wells and myself received the two war bonnets. Wells' war bonnet was a circlet crown of war-eagle feathers. The head-piece of mine had horns and plumes (an insignia of the very highest rank) and the waving tail, made from the tail feathers of a war-eagle, was more than five feet long.

The settlement declined into a mere trading post, and its final fate was characteristic of the place. When Carroll was established, Musselshell was abandoned, and two men were hired to chop into cordwood what remained of the buildings. When they had their work finished some Indians captured them, tied them to the cordwood and burned everything. When the howling winds from off the desert Bad Lands swept away the ashes of that murderous fire, the last vestige of civilized man disappeared from this ghastly place. Once more this ill-fated spot was left to the growl and snarl of the wild beasts and the home of the hoarse croaking raven, whose circling flight over the fatal spot looked like the wraith of some murdered white man or slaughtered savage—fit scene for wailing ghost and goblin shade.

JACK RABBITS.—In Southern Manitoba mountain hares or jack rabbits have become so numerous that they are proving destructive. These interesting but imprudent wanderers in the moonlight nightly visit the stable yards and grain stacks in such numbers that farmers claim that as much is devoured as would feed a small flock of sheep. One man, who lives a short distance from Pilot Mound, counted fourteen hares feeding at one time at a stack of oats, and considered that as many more were at no great distance, and would take their turn during the night. A twelve pound hare stewed with potatoes makes an excellent dinner for a number of persons, and costs only about two cents, or the price of a cartridge.—*Pilot Mound Sentinel*.



When to Call Him

A man is delivering lectures in Manitoba on "When to Call a Doctor." It's safe to "call" a doctor when you have two pairs or three of a kind.—*Devils Lake (N. D.) News*.

That Comma Again.

A worm powder is advertised in the *Bismarck Tribune*. The advertisement reads, "Warranted in every case. If they do not kill, the worms come back and get your money."

A Sure Test.

An Indiana lady asked Hank Lawshe, of Brookings, S. D., how she could tell a blizzard. "That's easy enough," said Hank, with the dignity for which he was noted. "Just go and bore a gimlet hole in the door, and so long as four men can hold a blanket over the hole it ain't a blizzard."

Experience Develops Caution.

In a recent issue of a Spokane paper was a somewhat gushing notice of a wedding. It closed by saying: "The groom was 33 years old, the bride . . ." This is certainly the most notable display of journalistic discretion the Northwest has seen in years. Experience develops caution in newspaper work that would add to the glory of a Napoleon.

Is It Treason?

The gaunt wolf of poverty is sitting on its haunches looking in the desolate cabin of the widow and the laboring man—while the aristocratic executive of the nation clamors for bonds and sips canary wine. We would like to possess omnipotent power just one moment and try our hand at angel-making. If this is treason, hang us like a brindle dog!—*Red Lodge (Mont.) New Idea*.

They Came Her Way.

In Bottineau County, Ab Tiger and Catherine Steer have taken out a marriage license. This is the fourth matrimonial venture of the lady in the case. Her first husband was named Bear, her second Hoog, her third Steer, and now she will loom up with a Tiger by her side. If they had all lived, she would have a very nice little menagerie by this time.—*Larimore (N. D.) Graphic*.

Appropriate Epitaph.

A young Swede was recently scalded to death by the explosion of a boiler in Oregon. As the young fellow had been very popular among his associates a committee was appointed to erect a small monument over his grave. After considerable hard work the committee produced a stone with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of our esteemed friend, Lars Larson."—*West Coast Lumberman*.

We Now Enjoy It.

The older a man grows the more he admires Saturday. It is by far the noblest day in the week. Some may contend that Sunday is the best, but it isn't. On Saturday we have all the anticipation of Sunday, and on the day itself we have the realization; everybody knows that an-

ticipation beats realization, two to one. On Saturday evening when the week's toil is over, could anything be sweeter than to sit by the blazing hearth and smoke four kinds of tobacco, until the rest of the family have gone out for fresh air? There is nothing like it, and our influence will always be wielded for the party who will demand six Saturdays in a week.—*Fargo Republican*.

Just His Luck.

Talk about hard luck. Here is the prize story of the series. A Spokane man who had been jumping sideways all winter to make a living, at length, by close economy and a steadfast refusal to pay his poll tax, accumulated five dollars, which sum he invested in a meal ticket. He had a twenty-cent feast and the corresponding punch-mark made in the ticket. Then he lost it on the streets. He soon discovered the loss, however, and began to search for the missing treasure. At last he found it; but, oh, misery! some person with nails in his shoes had stepped upon it and cancelled the whole thing—punched out every figure, and made the bit of cardboard null and void!—*Spokane Outburst*.

He Saw.

The afternoon before the hanging over at Cando there was a practice game, so I was told by a man who happened to be there; some of the young men around town went out to see the machine. They gave the scaffold and surroundings a good, careful examination, just as if they were going to buy it; but one of them wasn't satisfied. He wanted to see how he would feel with a rope around his neck; he was accommodated; and just as he was asking to be excused, by accident or an act of charity, the bolt that held the trap was knocked out and down he went. There happened to be just rope enough to let his toes touch the ground, but his neck was skinned and he got a shock that should keep him off scaffolds for the rest of his life.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

All Around Faded Pansy.

The life and popularity of a journalist hangs on the silken cords of public opinion. One day a newspaper man soars as the falcon—in iridescent cloudlets on the gauzy bronzed wings of immortal fame and is the beau-ideal and sweetheart of the people of the world. Let his pen twitch or totter and a wild thought enter his head and scramble around on its all-fours and get out in the newspaper and not meet with the approval of the masses and our journalistic hero who was the pet of the people of the globe yesterday—is today a snivelling gump and run-down-at-the-heel chump and an all around faded pansy blossom.—*Shelby Eli Dillard*.

What She Wanted.

It is told of a Rathdrum lady that she went to the telegraph office there and informed the operator that her husband had gone to Spokane to get a motto for the Sunday-school, but that she had forgotten to tell him what the motto should be and the size desired. She wanted to know how long it would be before her husband could get the particulars if she telegraphed them. She was told, and forthwith used the wires. It would have been fun to have studied that hubby's face when he received the message for; without explanation, it simply read:

"Mr. ———, Hotel Gillette, Spokane: Unto us a child is born, eight feet long and two feet wide. WIFE."—*Cœur d'Alene (Idaho) Press*

Newspaper Enterprise.

As Bill Nye is in Europe he may be spared the painful discovery that some of his old cuts are doing yeoman service as portraits of Patrick

Eugene Prendergast. When some newspapers want a cut of an individual, the first cut that comes handy is seized upon. Beriah Brown, Jr., editor of the *Seattle Press-Times*, once wanted to run a picture of Sontag, the California robber, and for that purpose pressed into service an old cut of J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway. And as if this were not enough, Homer M. Hill, managing editor of the *Seattle Morning Telegraph*, went to the *Press-Times* as soon as the last edition of the *P.-T.* was on the streets, borrowed the cut and ran it in the *Telegraph* the next morning.

Oh, when it comes down to furnishing their readers matters of interest, the big dailies may always be depended upon.—*Kent (Wash.) Journal*.

Not Doing It This Year.

The infant town of Harvey, N. D., on the "Soo" Line, had a newspaper which recently passed to the great beyond, and the printer issued the following obituary:

We had hoped for a better fate for the *Advertiser*, but must confess that it has for a long time been only a very faint and flickering hope. Of course, in the great unknown future, the time may come when a man who knows nothing about the newspaper business may be able to start a newspaper on a cash capital of \$50 and pull it through the long, dull season of a North Dakota winter in a new and struggling community like Harvey. But that is hardly a possibility now. It is said that God once fed the children of Israel on manna rained down from heaven; and, as we are told that all things are possible with Him, it may be that, looking down from above on newspaper ventures of this calibre and appreciating their absolute necessity to the favored community and the welfare of mankind in general, He may be disposed to provide some sort of special dispensation for the worthy but misguided men who get it into their heads that because they have made a failure of everything else they have undertaken they can make a success of the newspaper business and straightway proceed to borrow \$50 from some sympathizing friend with which to embark in the business of booming a community and regenerating the world. He may feed such people as these on manna, as it were—some time in the great future. But He's not doing it this year, and that is what is the matter with the *Advertiser*.

Probably Didn't Draw.

But some letters are of general interest. Here is a hard times epistle which a *Cœur d'Alene* newspaper man received from a printers' supply house, and of which many a newspaper man, no doubt, has seen a copy during the late financial panic:

PORTLAND, OREGON.
HORACE GREELEY,
SIR: If your account with us, amounting to \$12.50, is not settled at once, we will draw on you at sight.
GRABITALL & RUSTLEFORMORE.
Dictated.

Horace keeps a yellow tissue paper record book of his correspondence, and turning the page, we read the following saucy reply:

MULLAN, IDAHO.
GRABITALL & RUSTLEFORMORE,
SIRS: Your kind and facetious letter received. You do not state what weapon you propose to draw on me at sight. If you allude to a six-shooter, I assure you I shall take pains to keep out of sight.
HORACE GREELEY.
P. S.—If you wish me to reply to your frequent billet doux you must enclose stamps.
P. S.—How are all your folks?
HORACE GREELEY.

—*Spokane Outburst*.

WINTER SUNBEAMS IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

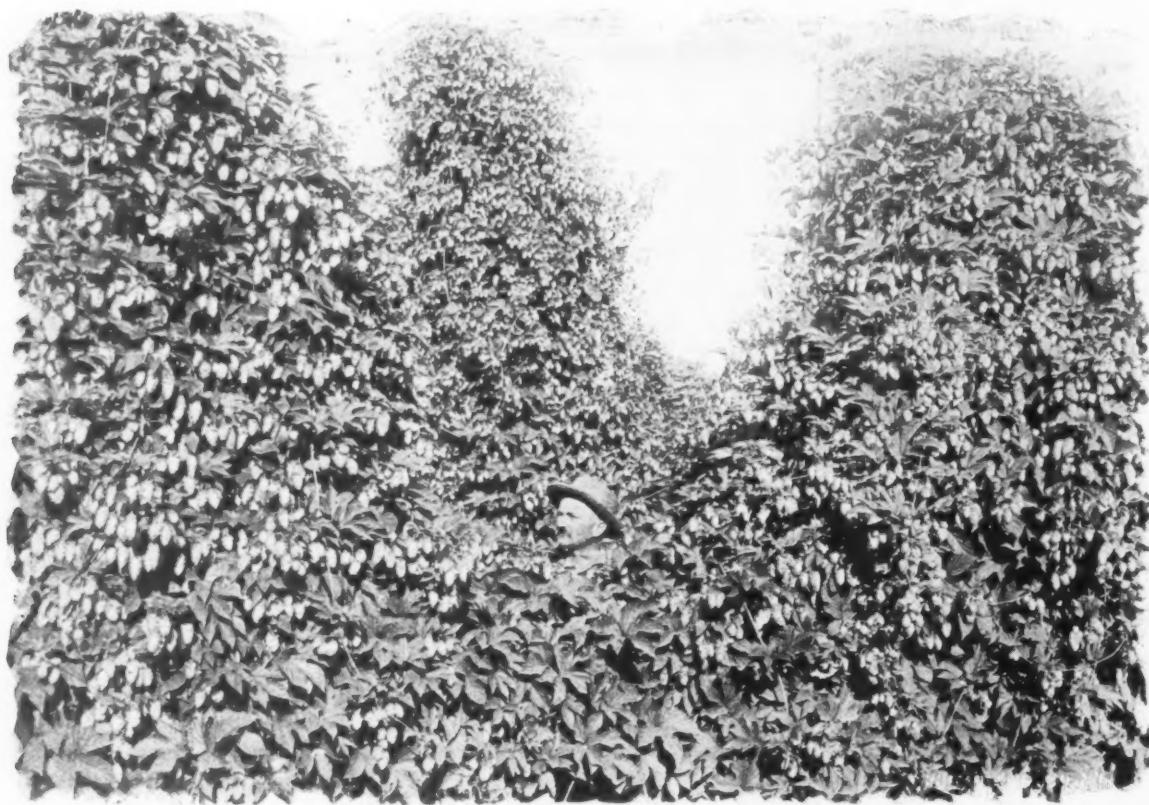
BY E. V. SMALLEY.

SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON, Feb. 8th.—What a glorious winter climate is this of the lower Yakima Valley! There is a little frost every night—just enough to give a snap and a sparkle to the morning air. All day a flood of sunshine pours over the brown expanse of the desert and gleams upon the snow-topped ridges of the Simcoe Mountains on one side of the valley and the Rattlesnake Mountains on the other and lights up the towering cone of Mount Adams, that rears its 12,000 feet of white-robed majesty against a background of the purest azure. Often one can see from the calm and warm valley storms gather and break upon the mountain sides. They leave trails of snow along the slopes of the steep declivities, but they pass high up above the valley

alfalfa mats the ground and hop vines swing their festoons from tall poles.

In the February issue of this magazine appeared an ample description of the Yakima Valley and the various irrigation enterprises now in progress in it. The article was from the pen of a contributor who lately gave a good deal of time to travel in the valley and became thoroughly familiar with the subject. I do not wish to thresh the straw from which he got a good yield of the grain of information, and will give only a brief narrative of personal observation. I stopped first at Mabton, a station on the eastern border of the Yakima Indian Reservation. There is nothing at this point besides a store, a warehouse and the usual station buildings, but a plan for developing a town on the white men's side of the boundary line is entertained. A stage leaves every morning for Sunnyside and is ferried across the Yakima River on a rude scow attached by ropes to a cable strung from bank to bank. The drive is

People are driving about, looking up locations for new homes. The atmosphere seems charged with the electricity of energy and hope. Hops, potatoes and alfalfa are the crops on which settlers depend mainly for their support while their orchards are coming to the bearing age. Wheat, oats and corn are also raised. This is said to be the only corn valley in Washington. Most people buy only forty acres, which is all the land an active man can attend to in irrigated farming, and some are satisfied with twenty. Ten acres in hops and ten in fruit will support a family in comfort. The soil is practically bottomless, and with plenty of water and sunshine the yields from cultivation are almost fabulous. I drove out with D. R. McGinnis, late of Grand Forks, North Dakota, to look at some of the farms redeemed from the sage-brush last year. The smooth, tidy fields, with their wire fences, the evidence remaining of last year's crop of alfalfa, potatoes and hops, the young fruit trees and the brown soil,



AMONG THE HOP VINES, BURKE & FLEMING RANCH, YAKIMA VALLEY, WASH.

and go off to the eastward to deposit what moisture they have left upon the distant slopes of the western ranges of the Rockies. The only winds that bring winter rains to this region are reverse currents of the great Chinook cloud movement, and come from the east.

Settlers tell me that there have been only ten days in the entire winter when they could not plow. On the western side of the Cascade Range, of which Tacoma and Adams are the sentinel peaks seen from this valley, it rains on an average about two days out of three during the winter and spring months, and there is a precipitation of fifty-five inches annually. Here on the eastern side of the range the precipitation is only ten inches. This is, therefore, essentially a desert climate, and it has the dry, healthful, exhilarating quality of all such climates. The land is a desert, in a state of nature, with no vegetation but the sage-brush and sparse tufts of bunch-grass; but where the new canals have been tapped and their life-giving waters spread upon the soil, fruit trees grow with marvelous celerity,

scheduled for an hour and a half, but with the over-worked, half-starved team that draws the heavy spring wagon, it takes two hours. The road crosses a sage-brush plain, that slopes steadily upward with an average ascent of perhaps fifty feet to the mile and lies in admirable shape for inexpensive irrigation. The Rattlesnake Mountains which bound the valley on the north are about ten miles from the river; or, rather, this is the distance to their foothills, and all this area is now "under ditch"—that is to say, water may be brought upon it from one or the other of the two main branches of the big canal. One of these branches can be traced along the foothills and the other follows the side of Snipe's Mountain, a low, lizard-shaped elevation that sprawls its five miles' length along the plain. The whole region is full of the movement of new settlement. Teams are hauling lumber, farmers are burning sage-brush, or plowing, or erecting buildings and fences on their ranches. The new village, barely three months old, is musical with the sound of saws and hammers.

so mellow that it might be tilled with a stick, would delight the eye of a practical farmer. We called at the house of a settler, who left a fine farm in Illinois because he feared his lungs were becoming diseased, and who has found in this dry desert air perfect health. His six children looked as hearty as young bears. We examined his potato cellar, a sort of cave dug in his yard, and tested the merits of a lot of Newton pippins. The warm sunshine and the crisp air made delightful weather for out-door work.

The new town is planned for a trade center of the broadest part of the valley supplied with water by the big canal and its chief lateral. It is platted in a liberal and sensible way—a very small area of twenty-five-foot front lots; around these a moderate stretch of fifty-foot residence lots and outside of these are acre lots where there is room for gardens and fruit trees. Only one obstacle exists to the dense settlement of this part of the valley. The sections of land formerly owned by the railroad company and now owned by the irrigation company will speedily be occu-



ALFALFA FIELD—ONE SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION—YAKIMA VALLEY, WASH.

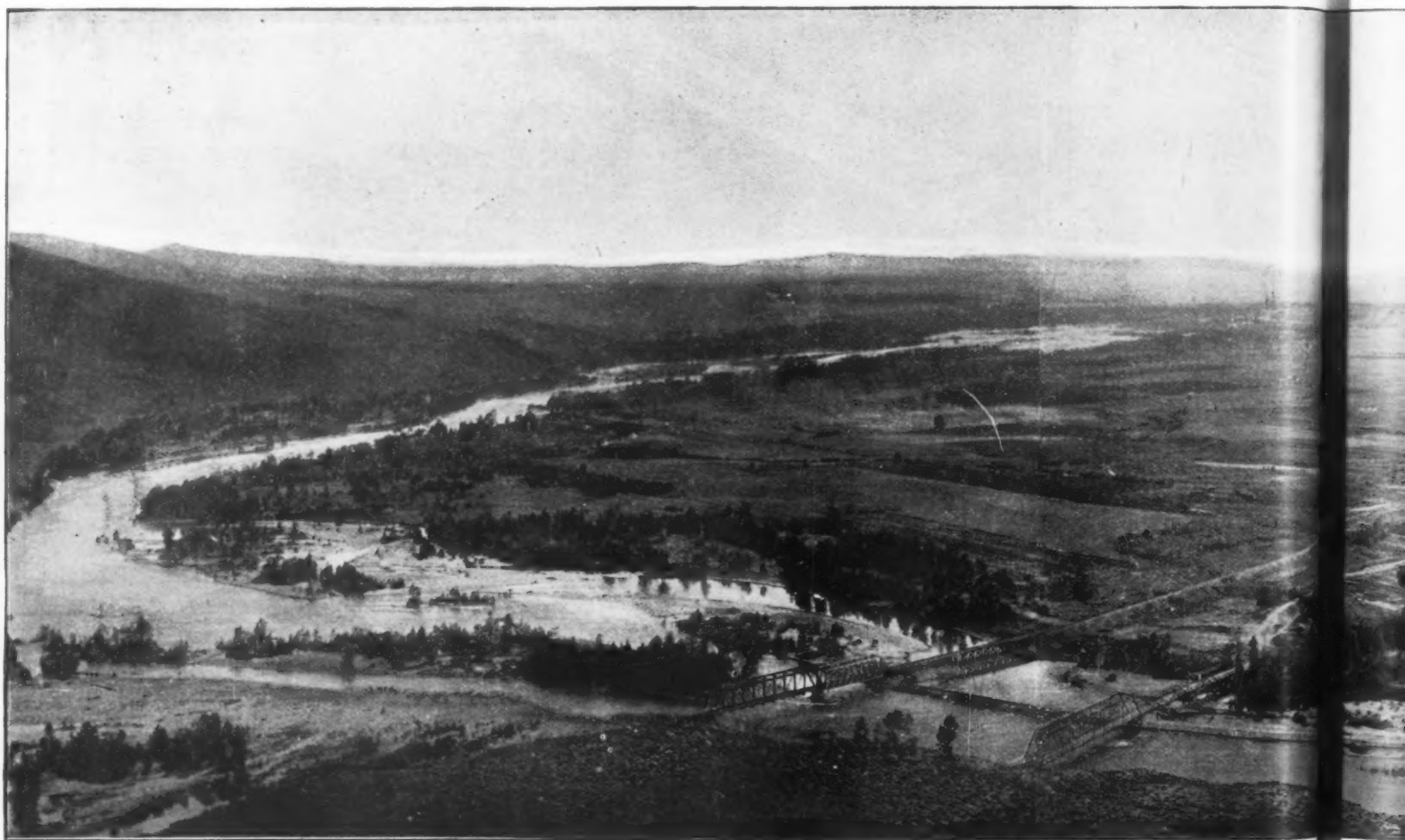


PLUM TREES ON SUNNYSIDE IRRIGATED LANDS, YAKIMA VALLEY.

pied in small tracts, but the Government sections were nearly all taken up by speculators under the desert claim law or the homestead law as soon as construction began on the canal three years ago. The owners are non-residents. They cannot sell their holdings because they have no right to water, and without water the land has no value for cultivation. The canal company intend to furnish all their own purchasers with water before they make any contracts with others. When this is done it is probable that water rights will be sold in exchange for land, on an equitable basis. As land with a water right is worth from forty to sixty dollars an acre it is not reasonable or men who got Government claims for nothing to expect the canal company to give such claims large value without a payment in money or land that will place them on no more favorable footing than that occupied by the purchasers of land from

not a particle of spring languor in the air, with all the flood of warm sunshine that bathes the town and the valley. Every breath you draw into your lungs is like a tonic that braces you up and stimulates you to effort. I met an old editor who was for many years in the harness of an agricultural paper in New York City. His health broke down and he sought a climate cure here in Washington. A few months of this invigorating atmosphere has entirely restored him. He has a new lease of life and he has already started a lively, original paper for the farmers called the *Ranch*. He says he has found the finest climate in the world—one that gives winter sunshine and warmth without the lassitude of Southern latitudes. Of course there are cold days here. There is usually a cold snap in January. This winter the lowest record of the thermometer was fourteen above zero. These drops in temperature

of \$1 a bushel. The valley could readily market ten times its present crop in the Puget Sound cities alone. I also bought some of the largest and best flavored Hungarian and Italian prunes I ever saw. They were grown at Zillah, under the new Sunnyside canal. I believe the time is not far distant when Washington and Oregon will supply the whole American market with prunes, to the exclusion of the dirty and inferior fruit grown along the Mediterranean and handled by Turks and lazaroni. Prune-growing is one of the most certain and attractive ways of getting a living from the soil, and if a thousand competent, thrifty, industrious farmers should come out here from the East at once to engage in it they would need be under no apprehension of overstocking the market with their product. Of every hundred pounds of this fruit we consume in the United States we still get about ninety-six



VIEW OF THE YAKIMA VALLEY, WASHINGTON, FROM TANKUM I

In the foreground is seen the confluence of the Yakima and Naches rivers. These streams furnish abundant water

the company. The canals will carry water enough for the entire area of both company and Government land, and in time all this area must become densely populated.

NORTH YAKIMA, Feb. 9th.—The slopes of the mountains are heavily covered with snow and there is a sprinkling of white on the brown sides of the foothills, but all the valley wears a spring look. The air is like that of a day in early May in Minnesota. Leaf buds are showing on the poplars. Farmers are busy plowing old fields or getting the sage-brush off new land. I have experienced the winter climate of Louisiana and of the South Atlantic Coast, but I never saw a day in either of those winter resort regions when out-door movement was more enjoyable than it is here to-day in the Yakima Valley. There is

are of short duration, however. At least two-thirds of the winter days are so bright and warm that farm work can be carried on with entire comfort. I am aware of the fact that there is no earthly paradise and that all climates have their drawbacks. The only objection to this region is the dust of summer and early fall. This is a condition inseparable from a dry climate and a fine, rich, powdery soil. It is modified to some extent by cultivation, but the roads must always be dusty for the greater part of the year, and driving with the wind cannot be otherwise than disagreeable. The settler must accept the dust as a lesser annoyance than snow and rain.

I bought three varieties of Yakima apples to-day. Everything in the way of fruits and vegetables is sold by the pound here instead of by the peck and bushel. I paid for the apples at the rate

from Europe, and with the exception of the costly French prunes put up in glass jars, all of our importations are evidently inferior in quality and cleanliness to the prunes of the Pacific Coast.

I drove over the site of this town ten years ago when there was not a living thing on it except sage-brush and jack-rabbits. Now I find a community of nearly three thousand people, with handsome business blocks, an opera house, spacious school houses, electric lights, waterworks, and three newspapers. Best of all, as showing the solid business support of the town, are the rows of farmers' teams hitched along the streets every day, that have brought in grain, hay, potatoes, pork and fruit from the country and will take out the goods that the merchants have to sell. With the shrewd-faced farmers on the sidewalks mingle Yakima and Klickitat Indians

from the neighboring reservation, in red, green and blue blankets and parti-colored leggins. These aborigines are not all cumberers of the ground. Many of them raise and bale hay for the Sound market and all have horses to sell. They are amiable and by no means stupid and, at hopping time their labor is indispensable to the farmers.

NORTH YAKIMA, Feb. 10th.—A meeting of the Yakima County Horticultural Society was held in the opera house this afternoon and was attended by over a hundred farmers and orchardists. Superb specimens of apples, winter pears and prunes were shown. I had some difficulty in recognizing such familiar varieties of apples as the Spitzenberg, the red-cheeked pippin, the Newton pippin and the Ben Davis, the fruit was so much larger and handsomer than we see in the East.

should be successfully established in two or three localities, to the benefit of as many towns and of a small contiguous area of farms, the remainder of the State would soon get tired of paying a cent a pound premium by taxation on the sugar thus produced and would repeal the law.

Accompanying this article is a striking landscape, engraved direct from a photo. The point of view is on the southern slope of the Ump-tanum Hills, about four miles from the town of North Yakima. It embraces a beautiful stretch of irrigated valley. On the south and east the prospect is bounded by the Rattlesnake Mountains, through which the Yakima River flows at Union Gap. Beyond these mountains lies the Sunnyside Country, on the left bank of the river, and the Simcoe Indian Reservation on the right bank. The stream in the immediate foreground of the picture is the Naches, a powerful, glacier-

Every street is well shaded and along the gutters flow little streams of pure mountain water, feeding the lawns, orchards, flower gardens and vegetable beds with life-giving moisture. North Yakima is now the most prosperous town in the State. It has a solid support in the never-failing crops gathered from irrigated farms and orchards. There is not an unoccupied dwelling or a vacant store in the town. Population in the neighboring valleys is rapidly increasing and with its increase the volume of trade grows in a direct ratio. The county shows intelligent enterprise in bridging the streams and making roads. Many farmers who cultivate small tracts in hops, or fruit or vegetables, in the vicinity, live in the town and have the advantages for their children of the excellent graded schools. Residence lots, with shade trees and running water for irrigating lawns and gardens can be bought



FROM THE UMP-TANUM HILLS.—From a photo by E. E. James, North Yakima.
The Naches River flows through the valley, and the town of North Yakima, population 3,000, is visible in the distance.

The talk was mainly about sugar-beet culture, and the principal addresses were delivered by Prof. Fulmer and Prof. Lake, of the State Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Pullman. I doubt the wisdom of going into beet culture in a valley so admirably adapted for fruit as this. In grain regions like the Palouse Country, beets might be introduced to diversify farming, provided there could be assurance of the bounty offered by the last legislature being continued. In Nebraska, as soon as the Populists got control they abolished the bounty which had stimulated the building of factories at Grand Island and Norfolk. The Nebraska bounty goes wholly to the manufacturer, but the Washington law provides that one-half of the bounty of one cent per pound shall go to the beet growers. It is to be feared, however, that if beet sugar manufacture

fed river, heading in the snow fields of Mount Tacoma. The junction point of this river with the Yakima is seen a little to the left and the course of the latter river can be traced for about ten miles. On the extreme left of the view lies the Moxee Basin, which is irrigated in part by a canal from the Yakima and in part by artesian wells. The Naches and its tributary, the Cowy-chee, supply the canals that make fruitful the plain that lies in the center and on the right of the view. At the foot of the distant mountains flows the Ahtanum, which also forms a fertile valley, well cultivated in hops, grain, alfalfa and fruits.

The town does not show to good advantage from the distant point where the artist was obliged to post his camera in order to take in the valley. It is a remarkably attractive place.

at very low prices ranging from \$100 to \$300, according to their distance from the business center. Real estate speculation has not spoiled the place by scattering it over large and inconvenient areas. Everything in the way of improvement has been compactly done from the center outwards. The result is that all the residents have the privileges of electric light, abundant pure water, good roads and sidewalks, and schools, churches and stores within an easy walk.

There will be other good towns under the new canals lower down the valley, but North Yakima keeps its position as the chief trade center of all this fruitful, progressive, irrigated country. When every twenty-acre tract of watered land in the tributary valley supports a family, as will be the case in the not distant future, I see no reason why there should not be ten thousand people in

the town, with many new industries in the way of fruit and vegetable canning, and perhaps of sugar making from beets, to support population.

Across the river from North Yakima and up in the Moxee Basin above the big Gardner Hubbard ranch are a number of flowing artesian wells. The first was sunk by Fred R. Reed three years ago and got a moderate flow of water at a depth of 350 feet. Others are of a very recent date and are due to the enterprise of Mr. Clark, who went down over nine hundred feet before striking the water-bearing stratum. Seventy feet of this distance was through hard basaltic rock. Two of his wells flow an aggregate of 3,500,000 gallons every twenty-four hours and furnish water enough to irrigate eight hundred acres. He is sinking a third one. Costly as are those wells there is a good business proposition connected with them. The land, which costs but a

an altitude sufficient to send it back over the townsite and over a thousand acres of land that lies well for irrigation. This enterprise has for its chief promoter a man of enthusiasm, business sagacity and energy, who has long been closely identified with the development of the State of Washington—Fred R. Reed, of North Yakima. He has enlisted capital in it and is ready to go ahead with the irrigation work this spring. A pretty hotel has been put up by his company and a number of dwellings built for the new population. On a large sign-board in plain sight from all trains, Mr. Reed has painted this apt passage from the Bible: "Thus saith the Lord: Make this valley full of ditches. Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet the valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye and your cattle and your beasts.—II Kings, 16 and 17."

cross that river, sits the little town of Kennewick, on a sage-brush plain that is being fast transformed into orchards and hop fields by the magic of water brought from the Yakima. New York capital built the canals and Kennewick is the headquarters of the company which about three years ago set about turning the desert into a fruitful land. The Yakima Irrigation and Improvement Company is the name of the corporation and its total investment in this beneficial work amounts to over half a million dollars. It bought a small canal, built to supply the settlement at Kiona. It constructed a large canal of twenty feet width at the bottom, from the bend of the Yakima, known as the Horn, below Kiona, down that river to its confluence with the Columbia and down the Columbia, the total length being about thirty miles, with a main lateral ten miles long. This canal it has sold to an irriga-



YAKIMA RIVER AND LEADBETTER DITCH, THREE MILES BELOW PROSSER, WASH.

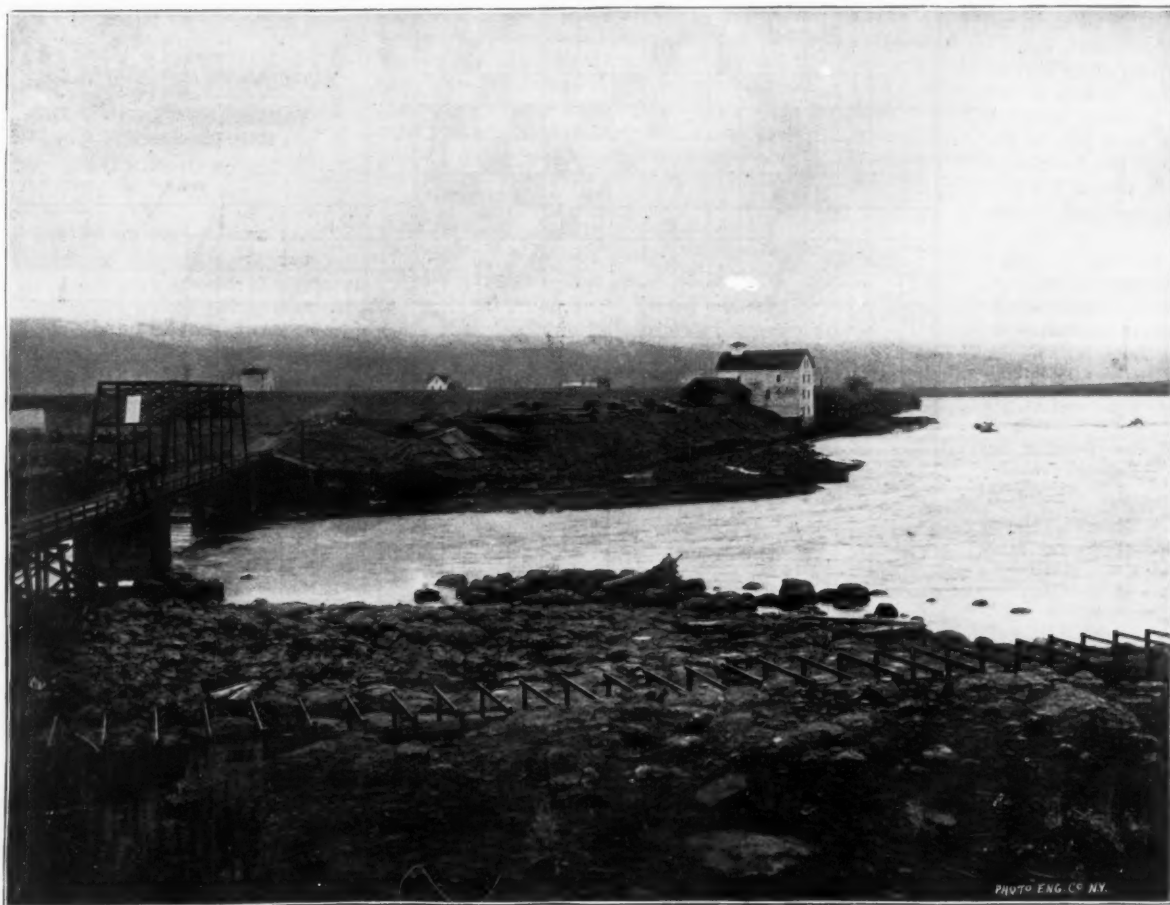
trifle, is sold in small tracts at \$100 per acre on a system of half of the crop payments running ten years, if the purchaser requires so long a time. Mr. Clark's company has invested about \$17,000 in the wells and land, and expects to sell about \$75,000 worth of land.

PROSSER, Feb. 11th.—This little town at the falls of the Yakima River used to subsist solely on a little trade that came over the hills from the scattered ranches of the Horse Heaven Country. Now it participates in the general new movement that pervades the whole Yakima Valley. The big Sunnyside canal ends on the plain across the river a few miles distant, and the desert on that side of the stream will soon be transformed into a region of small farms and orchards. On the south side, where the railroad runs and the town is built, it is proposed to lift water from the river by the power of the falls to

I shall probably have occasion to speak more in detail of Prosser in a future number of this magazine, after the machinery is in operation at the falls and the irrigation project begins to show its practical results. It is in excellent hands and promises to make of the present village of a few hundred people an important town and a very pretty town, too, for water in this region is the only thing needed to change the arid land into orchards, vineyards and gardens, when supplemented by intelligent labor. I expect to see within five years three business points of considerable size grow up in the lower Yakima Valley—one at Sunnyside, one at Prosser and the other at Kennewick, where the valley merges into that of the Columbia.

KENNEWICK, Feb. 12th.—On the western side of the broad flood of the Columbia, near the long bridge on which the Northern Pacific trains

tion district, organized by the people living along it under the provisions of the new law modeled on the Wright law of California. It took out another canal on the north bank of the Yakima and built last year five miles of a total contemplated length of perhaps thirty miles. This canal, with its proposed laterals, is to water all the great plain lying in the triangle between the Yakima and the Columbia. When this plain is well settled a new town called Riverside will be established on the Columbia to serve as a business center and fruit shipping point for that region. The managers of the enterprise think it advisable to concentrate their efforts on filling up with settlers the lands under the canal south of the Yakima before proceeding with the larger work on the north side. They expect that Kennewick will be the chief town of the whole region and that Riverside will be a smaller place connected with the railroad by steamboat. On the accompanying map



FALLS OF THE YAKIMA RIVER—FRED R. REED CO. HEADGATE—GRIST MILL—LEADBETTER FLUME—SITE OF PROJECTED POWER-HOUSE—SUBURBS OF PROSSER, WASH.



A FOUR-YEAR-OLD PEAR TREE, IN AN ORCHARD IRRIGATED BY THE SUNNYSIDE CANAL, IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY OF EASTERN WASHINGTON.

may be traced the lines of the canals built and to be built and the location of the two towns.

The region lying along the Columbia from the mouth of the Yakima to a point as far down stream as the canal goes is now locally known as the Kennewick Valley. It has several kinds of soil—a heavy brown loam in some places, a light sandy loam in others and in still others there is a large admixture of volcanic ash with the loam. Its climate is considerably warmer than that of the upper Yakima Valley, and its seasons are about three weeks longer. It has a remarkable range of products. The settlers at Kiona have demonstrated that peaches can be depended upon as a regular market crop and a number of peach orchards were set out last year near Kennewick. It gives promise of being an excellent grape country, and this is true of the Concord and other Eastern grapes as well as the Black Hamburg and various other California varieties. Sorghum culture is a marked success, yielding a gross revenue of from \$100 to \$175 per acre. Five crops of alfalfa were cut on irrigated fields last year and two crops of potatoes were raised. Sweet potatoes and peanuts flourish on the sandy loam. Indian corn yields heavily. Oats and wheat give large and certain returns. In short there is no grain, fruit or vegetable produced in any part of the temperate zone that does not thrive in this valley when the soil is watered sufficiently from the irrigating ditches.

I drove out ten miles with Dr. Ely, the manager of the Irrigation company. Alight, spring-like snow was falling and the mercury registered about thirty-five. He said it was the worst weather experienced during the winter, but to a Minnesota man it felt like a day in early April. We looked at the young peach orchards set out last year and at the fields cleared for hops and sorghum. The method of clearing off the sagebrush is to hitch a team to a chain, throw the chain around each shrub and jerk it out by the roots. The larger shrubs have a value for fuel; the others are piled up and burned. All the settlers use sage-brush for their home fires. Dr. Ely told me that most of the settlers buy only twenty acres each and intend to depend on fruit mainly. Those that want to go into grain and alfalfa and keep stock buy forty acres. Twenty acres make a farm big enough for one man to work in fruit and hops. A heavy immigration is expected this spring. One hundred and fifty families are booked to arrive from Illinois between the first of March and the first of June. Settlers ought to get upon the ground as early as possible in order to clear their land and raise crops the first season. If they intend to go into fruit growing they should plan to raise a variety of crops for food and forage while their trees are coming to the bearing age. There is no reason why an industrious man should not make a good living for his family on twenty acres during the three years he must wait for his orchards to yield him an income.

IRRIGATED YAKIMA VALLEY LANDS.

H. Spinning & Co., of North Yakima, have the following desirable tracts of improved and unimproved Yakima Valley lands for sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms:

Two hundred and forty acres, eleven miles from North Yakima, with a small orchard and sixty acres in hay land. This piece of land is excellently situated for a fruit, hop or stock

ranch. Price, \$8,000, on reasonable terms.

One hundred and sixty acres, situated in the celebrated Parker Bottom—sixty-five acres of orchard, sixteen and a half acres of hops, twenty-five acres of alfalfa, twenty acres of oats. The fruit consists of 500 cherry trees, four years old, that produce 2,500 pounds of cherries; 1,000 Bartlett pear trees, 100 Idaho pear trees, 1,100 apple trees, 1,200 petite prune trees, 900 Italian prune trees, 2,200 peach trees and quite a variety of small fruits. This tract has a free and perpetual water right of forty-eight miner's inches of water. Price, \$25,000, on reasonable terms.

One hundred and sixty acres of unimproved land, within five miles of town, at \$35 per acre. This includes a free and perpetual water right.

Eighty acres in the Moxee Valley, with one of the finest water rights in the country. Twenty-five acres of this tract is in hops and forty in alfalfa. Price \$130 per acre.

Ten acres, with water, within one mile of town, at \$100 per acre—unimproved.

Fifteen acres of hops, within one and a half miles of town, with a fine hop house and fully equipped in all respects. Price, \$300 per acre.

Ten acres, with water, half-mile from town limits—unimproved.

Twelve five acre tracts, with good water right, not over a mile from town. Price at from \$150 to \$200 per acre.

Have also a large number of sheep, cattle and horse ranches on easy terms.

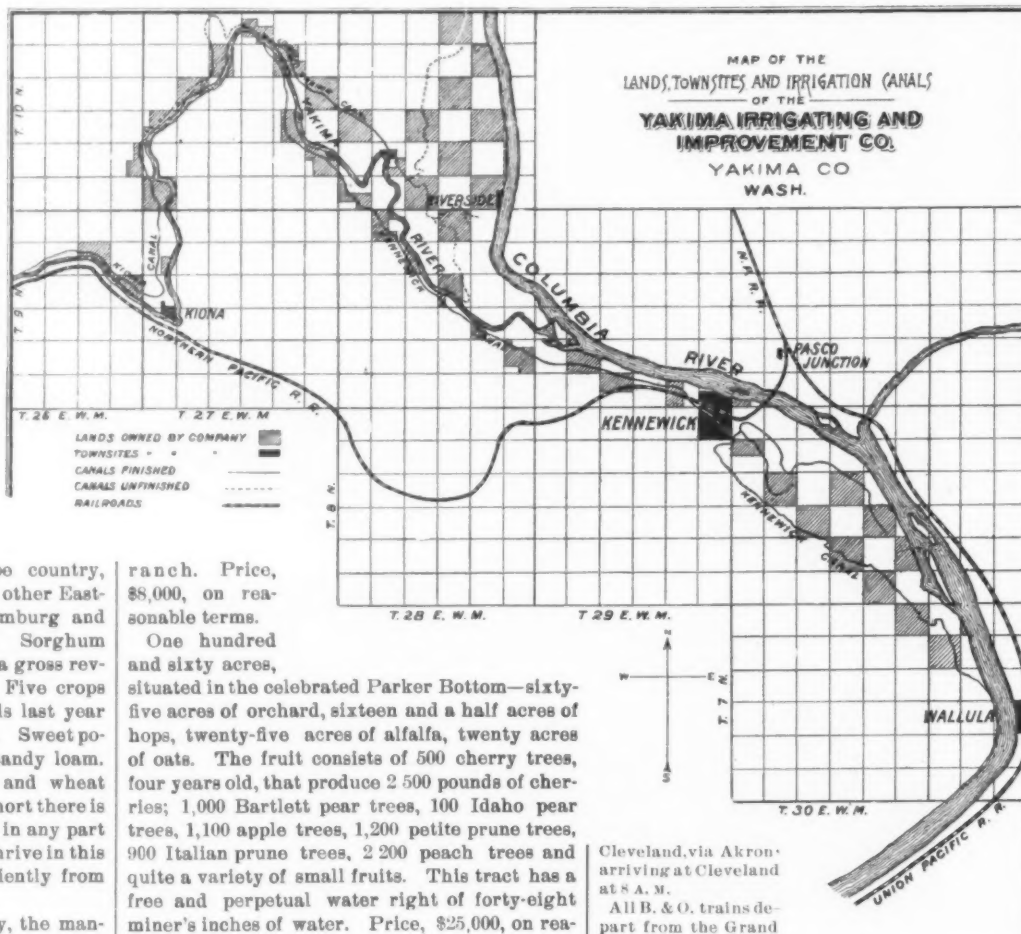
California's Fruit Crop.

\$50,000,000 worth raised last year. Do you want to know where and at what profit the golden orange is raised? Do you want to know where and at what profit the unsurpassed California raisin grape is grown, or the luscious peach, the loveliest prune in the world, or the magnificent grape? Do you want to know how to travel through that district comfortably and cheaply? If you do, address California Bureau of Information, Room 1138 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Superior Train Service to Pittsburg.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad offers the public the most convenient train service between Chicago and Pittsburg. The route is via Akron, Ravenna, Warren and Youngstown, Ohio. Two solid trains are run every day, both carrying day coaches and new vestibuled sleeping-cars through without change.

The Pittsburg express leaves Chicago at 3.00 P. M., and arrives Pittsburg the next morning at 7.05. The vestibuled limited also leaves Chicago at 7.30 P. M. and arrives at Pittsburg the next morning at 11.10. The vestibule limited also carries a Pullman sleeper to



Cleveland, via Akron, arriving at Cleveland at 8 A. M.

All B. & O. trains depart from the Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth Ave. and Harrison St., Chicago, the finest and most commodious station in America.

The S. R. Niles Advertising Agency.

The advertising business of the late S. R. Niles, of Boston, Mass., will be carried on by The S. R. Niles Advertising Agency, which was incorporated prior to Mr. Niles's death.

The management is as follows: E. G. Niles, president; Carl G. Zerrahn, vice-president and general manager; J. C. Howard, treasurer.

The Youghiogeny & Lehigh Coal Co.

One of the youngest coal companies at the head of the lakes has erected extensive docks at West Superior, where they handle their own production of genuine Youghiogeny coal with the best grades of Hocking and anthracite, specially prepared for this market. Large consumers and dealers are invited to correspond with them when in the market to buy. Address them at their main office at West Superior, Wis.

All's Well That Ends Well.

A certain Tacoman rushing down C Street the other morning, ran against a man and knocked him over. The victim leaped up, and striking at the other, said:

"What did you push me over for?"

"Don't talk that way to me," roared the first man.

"I'll knock your head off!"

"You can't do it!"

"I can whip you blind!"

"You can't lick a flea!"

At this juncture a third man appeared, and knowing them both, he said:

"Here, stop this! Mr. Blank, here, is going down the street to avoid a doctor's collector, while you, Mr. Dash, are going up the street to get away from a tailor!"

"Then I beg your pardon," said Mr. Blank.

"Then I beg your pardon," said Mr. Dash.

"Then I'm sorry I pushed you down."

"And I'm sorry I fell."

Then they shook hands, and white-robed Peace sang her songs of joy.—*West Coast Trade.*

\$5,000,000 worth of California fruit was sold East last year. If you want to know where raised and how to travel cheaply and comfortably, address California Bureau of Information, Room 1138 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, Minn.



Awkwardness.

Did you ever think that awkwardness is expensive and wasteful? An awkward, clumsy man has to work harder for a bare living than one who possesses ease and grace of movement because he wastes his energies and destroys his strength unnecessarily. Men who try to fill positions before they are fit for them; who aspire to be congressmen before they are fit to be constables, no matter how honest their intentions, will simply be burdens to themselves and the people whom they attempt to serve—

"For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions,
Like a well-meaning dunce with the best of intentions."

Rusty Saws.

Speaking of proverbs and maxims the Minneapolis *Times* remarks: Take some of the maxims inculcating shrewd business policy. "A penny saved is a penny earned" has ruined many a man who could not persuade himself to spend money with judicious lavishness in enlarging his business. The penny saved was so large in his eyes that it hid the dollar lost by his foolish economy. "Out of debt, out of danger," and "Better go to bed supperless than rise in debt," are a precious pair that have brought many to the poorhouse. Debt is the salvation of many a man. Not debt recklessly incurred by extravagant living beyond his means, but debt incurred in the purchase of a home, or the establishing of a business. Where would modern commercial affairs be but for credit? Ninety per cent of the business of the world is done to-day on credit. But credit means debt; for if A trusts B, B must owe A. Debt makes many a man careful and saving who would spend all he gets if he had no pressing obligations to meet. So he is forced, as it were, in spite of himself to provide for sickness and old age.

How to Treat Wet Shoes.

The season is at hand when many persons take severe colds by keeping wet shoes on their feet, thinking that the best way of drying them. When without overshoes, you have been caught in a heavy rainstorm, perhaps you have known already what to do with your best kid boots, which have been thoroughly wet through, and which, if left to dry in the ordinary way will be stiff, brittle and unlovely. If not, you will be glad to learn from one whose experience is of value. First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud; then, while still wet, rub well with kerosene oil, using for the purpose the furred side of Canton flannel. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment of the oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing, give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with kerosene, and your boots will be as soft and flexible as new kid, and very little affected by their bath in the rain.—*St. Paul Trade Journal*.

Cultured Impoliteness.

Discourtesy and impoliteness are by no means confined to the poor and ignorant classes of society. There are many punctilious observers of conventional etiquette who pride themselves on their knowledge and practice of good manners

who yet daily break the written as well as the unwritten canons of true politeness. True politeness is an outgrowth of the heart rather than of the law, and good manners in conventional life are supposed to copy the manners of the good, the best, the truly elite of humanity. Society rules are presumed to be based on the highest ideals of good living and loftiest acting, but many who pride themselves upon living up to the very letter of the laws of polite society are in reality more rude and ill-bred as regards the spirit of those laws than the most ignorant hod-carrier who bears in his bosom the glow of brotherly kindness toward all.

And too often we find the man and woman with most exquisite society manners who are gentle in tone, refined in address, charming in glance and bearing toward all their equals and superiors, who seem to lose at once their suavity and grace when they are brought into relations with their inferiors, their domestic servants, their tradesmen, their mechanics, their dependants. They act towards these as though their dignity was not something inherent in their nature as a legitimate part of their higher intellectual and moral culture, but something grafted upon their real selves whose reality might be doubted if they failed to assume the tone of the master, or maker of destinies to those within their power. Unhappily for their lofty pretensions there are few, spite of ignorance, servility or fear, who have not sufficient human wit to see through this autocratic manner, the vulgarity of the soul beneath, and however concealed, to feel contempt at the impoliteness between man and man, because of the difference in education or service.—*Religio-Philo. Journal*.

Miss or Mrs.?

So far as the etiquette of the signature is concerned, there is one unvarying rule for women, married or single. It is never right nor good form to sign one's name with the addition of Miss or Mrs. You are Mary Emily Jones, not Mrs. Patrick Fitzgerald Jones, to whomsoever you may be writing. If it be necessary to notify your correspondent of your married style and estate you may do so, and in one of several ways. Please observe that a correspondent should not be left in doubt as to this, much embarrassment being frequently caused by the omission, in letters between strangers, of exact information as to whether the writer is married or single. You may easily indicate all you wish to tell. You may place (Mrs. P. F.) before the Mary Emily aforesaid, in parentheses. You may write Mrs. Patrick Fitzgerald out fully and plainly, in the

the left-hand corner of your sheet, below your proper signature. Or you may simply inclose your engraved visiting card in your letter, this being on the whole the most elegant and also the most convenient method of showing one's relations to society. The exception must be remarked here that the visiting card is out of place in an exclusively business letter, one which has not even remotely a social bearing.—*Harper's*.

Reading Advertisements.

Twenty years ago a man was held to be an exceedingly daring advertiser if, in the course of a year, he bought \$50,000 worth of space in the journals of his own country alone. The enterprise has so expanded that now a man is not held to be a large advertiser unless he spends every year for this purpose, in the United States only, from \$300,000 to \$600,000. This great increase in advertising has produced a noticeable change in all papers and magazines. Readers are not slow to discover the enormous increase in advertising matter, but they are not so ready to consider that this has made possible, and, indeed, has required much larger and much cheaper periodicals. The readers who complain of the excessive amounts of advertising would hardly care to go back to the old style diminutive and high-priced papers. Indeed, much satisfaction is to be gained from the right reading even of the advertisements themselves. At one time for many months Frank B. Stockton was unable to use his eyes, and his friends had to read to him. When at last he was able to read for himself, the members of his household were exceedingly curious to know what sort of reading he would call for first. A great shout of laughter arose when the novelist, in all seriousness, called eagerly for advertisements. The fact was that during all these months of darkness his friends had read to him everything else but the advertisements, and in regard to these he had an intellectual famine. It may be well imagined that a humorist can find food in advertisements. No species of literature so persistently and frankly as these makes its appeal to human nature, and in none, therefore, is human nature so clearly and frankly exposed. Much information, moreover, is to be gained from them, and in the case of the more extravagant of them we learn what to avoid, while the more worthy ones widen our knowledge of good and useful things. We should read advertisements, not as the credulous loafer, but as a philosopher and a student of human nature and human achievements. Pursued after this fashion, this glaring literature will prove not the least profitable matter in our journals.—*Merchant Sentinel*.



At a supper party a lively young lady found a very bashful young man seated next to her. After many futile efforts to draw him into conversation, which resulted in getting from him nothing more entertaining than "yes" or "no" and "I don't know," the young lady, hearing music in the parlor, where some one was playing for the entertainment of the company, asked, "Do you play the piano?" "I? oh, no," answered the young man; "that is somebody in the next room."—*Fliegende Blätter*.



An Indian Vessel Owner.

Tyee Peter, chief of the Neah Bay, Washington, Indians, is busy outfitting his fleet of sealing schooners. He is the owner of three vessels, the James G. Swan, Lottie and Drake, the latter comparatively new. The fleet has been beached at Hadlock all winter, where the three schooners have been scraped, repaired and thoroughly overhauled. All of Peter's vessels contain siwash crews from captain down through hunters and seaman. The Indians make successful sealers, and the business is really adding to Tyee Peter's surplus wealth several thousand dollars. He has a fine ranch down the straits and is worth close to \$100,000 in cash.

A Smart Dog.

In a very interesting paper by Prof. Morgan which was published in the *Fortnightly Review* on animal intelligence, he says in substance: "Animals act by experience, not by an intentional adoption; so his is the goal of reason." Years ago while making square timber in the winter with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, on returning to camp at night I found that the teamster had broken his sleigh, which I would have to repair that night. The square that I needed for the job was in the woods two miles from camp, where it was used to lay off timber and was kept near the fire. Watch, my dog, was in the habit of bringing it to me when I called for it, so I sent Watch for it. Away he went and in about thirty minutes he returned with the square wrapped in a piece of birch bark. The next morning I found that he had started with the square, and finding it full of frost had laid it down and gone to a tree six rods away for the bark. — *Stillwater Prison Mirror*.

Wolf Tactics.

A correspondent of the Pilot Mound, Manitoba, *Sentinel* states he witnessed a couple of wolves attack a flock of sheep. The sheep were feeding towards a small grove in which the wolves were concealed. One wolf made a circuit and got round behind the sheep. The wolf from the woods then charged. The sheep, of course, ran back, and were confronted by the other wolf that lay hidden in the grass. The flock at once scattered and each wolf singled out a sheep. Strange as it may seem, as soon as the sheep were overtaken they stopped and faced their enemies. The wolves also halted and seemed afraid to engage in the struggle. Perhaps the small bells which the sheep carried on their necks had something to do with the hesitation. Meantime a young man arrived with a double barrel gun and mounted on a light but very fast horse, got round between the wolves and the woods and advanced at full gallop on the wild beasts, overtaking the largest just as it entered the bushes and giving it a charge of heavy shot that raised its back hair on end and surprised the wolf amazingly.

Found More Than the Assessor.

The Albany, Oregon, *Herald* says: Frazier Wallace, a brother of T. L. Wallace of this city, recently leased a piece of hop land of the old Maxwell farm, in the Santiam bottom, seven miles east of Albany. The land grew hops so well that he concluded to purchase a tract in that vicinity, and found what he thought would suit him in an adjoining piece, but after diligent

search could find no owner. He then began searching the records and discovered that it was Government land, and contained forty-two acres of the richest land in the Santiam bottom. He lost no time in going to Oregon City, and filed a homestead upon it. The land is worth perhaps \$2,000. It seems remarkable that the land should have lain vacant so long, especially as it is between and adjoining two of the oldest farms in Linn County; the Lewis Cox farm on the west having been settled upon in 1849. Mr. Wallace has built a house upon it, and considers himself lucky in obtaining a fine little farm free of cost.

The Old Yakima.

This incident was related to the writer by a resident of the State of Washington, who, having settled on Puget Sound forty years ago, had married, during the uncertain fortunes of that period, a young woman of the Chinook tribe. Subsequently, growing wealthy, owing to the phenomenal increase in land values there, he sent a daughter by this unique marriage to San Francisco, where she was carefully educated. The writer, noticing himself the remarkable behavior of an old Indian of Port Orchard, was led to make the inquiries which elicited, in confidence, the facts of the following poem:

In some dark warfare, many years ago,
Forgotten in the memory of men,
A Yakima was taken by the foe
And never saw his wife and babes again.
Down through a mountain pass the cavalcade
Swept toward the ocean and the forests dim.
And in the stranger land a little maid
Came looking, but was not afraid of him.
And for her sake, in shame, he bent his knee.
And the Chinook chief, knowing, killed him not;
And so he lived beside their windy sea,
Lived by their running rivers, and forgot.
But soon it chanced, upon a summer's day,
There stood a white sailed ship along the shore,
And it brought blue eyed men from far away
And signs of wonder never seen before.
Then angry grew the people of Chinook,
To see the cedar cabins on the hill:
One morning there was red blood in the brook,
And smoke above the trees, and all was still.
Down to the tide-flats, by the salty marsh,
One sought the women in the black canoes,
White with starvation, and the chief, less harsh,
Fed him, and bade him of the women choose.
And, having eaten, to the little maid
Who was afraid of him, his choice he gave:
Then to her Yakima she turned, dismayed—
But he, they answered her, was but a slave.
She in the white man's little village dwelt,
Where the few strangers yet remaining were;
And he, the slave, upon the sea shore built
A shack of branches, to be near to her.
The wife a daughter to the white man bore,
And died; the child grew up, but never knew
Or thought about the old man on the shore,
With silver salmon in his old canoe.
And years have rolled away, and cities' wide
Blaze all night long from over Puget Sound;
But an old man has come in with the tide,
And stands at midnight here without a sound.
This is a lady's house—so ask no more—
One's blackmail past is silenced with a dollar:
Yet wake, and come a moment to the door—
Yes, in your silks, ma'am, for you have a caller!
EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD,
Seattle, Wash.

Ole and the Bear.

A man can tell absolutely true fish stories, can relate actual facts of the hunt, and give positive proof of his veracity, but he might just as well distort and garble as to be exact and truthful, for it is never believed. However, no one will question Ole Lofthus's truthfulness or that he always deals in cold facts, so when he tells the following bear story it must be taken as good goods, all wool and a yard wide, and warranted not to rip, ravel or run down at the heels. But to the story—Ole went to the big woods east of Sauk Centre a few weeks ago to get out some firewood, and as he had to batch it he took some food along in his

grip, and on arriving at his shack in the timber, being fatigued, he laid down to rest, depositing his grip alongside of his bundle. He slept soundly and on arising looked around for his valise and his breakfast, but both were gone, and as he began to search for traces of the burglar, he found bear tracks leading to and from the door. Following Bruin's footmarks for quite a distance, Ole discovered his valise in a badly dilapidated condition, food eaten and raiment destroyed. It was evident Bruin was the burglar, for a bear with a paper collar on was killed at Sauk Centre a day or so after, and that the story is true Ole can prove by his valise. — *Morris (Minn.) Tribune*.

Indians at a Phonograph.

Wind-in-the-Face, chief of a band of Flathead Indians camped near Missoula, wandered into a store recently, and in his inspection of the stock came across a phonograph, which stands in one corner of the room. He examined the machine very curiously, and by signs and grunts inquired its use. After considerable persuasion he was induced to sing into the receiver the war-chant of his tribe. He began with a low, monotonous "Hi-ya-he-ya, yo," but warmed to his work as he neared the end, which threatened to dislocate the machine. After he had concluded, the attachments were changed, and connections were made so that Wind-in-the-Face and his attendant braves could hear the production of the song. Gravely and somewhat suspiciously they inserted the tubes in their ears and waited the result. As the sounds of the chant that for ages had incited their forefathers to battle reached their ears, they were at first thoroughly alarmed, and muttered something about "bad medicine;" but as the emphatic tones of their chief coming from the little wax cylinder rang out the tocsin, they became enthused and kept time to the alleged music with feet and bodies, and it seemed as if a war-dance was to be executed then and there. But they didn't leave the machine until the chant was ended, and then they almost hugged each other in their delight, and even attempted to embrace Mr. Hartley, to his terror. They wanted more, and a cylinder was inserted that gave them "Drill, ye Terriers." This pleased them immensely, and they laughed as heartily as an Indian ever laughs, though they probably did not understand a word of the song. They now regard Mr. Hartley as a great medicine man, and want to adopt him into their tribe. — *Anaconda Standard*.

Whoa! Billy.

Several men were sitting around a camp fire on Deep Creek relating their experience in different sections of the country, when one man who had heretofore been silent, joined in with the following:

"That reminds me," he said, "of a little incident that happened me last spring. I was camping at Hank Williams' cabin on the Metaline trail hunting bear, when old man Sullivan showed up. (By the way he is the man Sullivan Creek is named after) Now, I want to say that I am the last man in the world to make game of any man's infirmities, but he is deaf and near-sighted and I had hard work to make him understand. He made several remarks on the scarcity of the deer in the meadows. I told him they were as plentiful as usual, and as luck would have it, that same evening three large black-tails came into the opening near where he had his horses picketed. I tried to tell him there were some deer out there, but he could not hear me, so I pointed and tried to make signs so he would understand, but he finally tumbled that his horses were loose, and grabbing up a pair of hobbles, a rope and a handful of salt, he started out; well, it was the greatest circus of my life to see the old man go up toward the deer, saying: 'Whoa! Billy, whoa! Billy,' and holding out the salt, he

being so near-sighted he could not tell a deer from a horse at a distance of about two hundred yards. I laughed until I was sore, and only regretted not having anyone to share my enjoyment."—*Northport (Wash.) News*.

Shook Dice for a Mine.

Samuel I. Silverman and Dick Sherwood each owned a half interest in a valuable gold claim, says the *Spokane Review*. They decided recently that there wasn't room for two in its management, and hit upon a true Western expedient for settling their business difficulties. But they didn't call for pistols for two and coffee for one, or go out on the open greensward behind the hotel and fight with bowie knives. There was a quicker way than that and it was safer.

Sherwood and Silverman called for a dice box and the regulation number of dice instead. "How shall it be?" asked Silverman, with a name-your-weapons expression on his face.

"Three shakes, horses," Sherwood replied, and as everyone knew what that meant, there were no other preliminaries.

Both men were as calm and collected as if an immense fortune had not been at stake. Silverman shook first. He got two pairs, fours and trays, in three series of hopes and fears. Sherwood was sure he could beat that, and he did, with three aces the first rattle out of the box.

"Follow your hand," said Silverman, still unmoved. Sherwood shook and so did Silverman. The latter won. That made it "horse and."

Silverman rattled the bones long, but gently, with a short, circular motion suggestive of deep thought. Then two pairs rolled out, fours and trays. He tried to "fill" and failed once. Again he attempted the same feat. Then with a glad smile he laid the box aside. The lucky bones had come a four.

Sherwood was not so confident after that, but he bore up heroically. In one shake he had a pair of aces. In another there were three aces. He puffed a breath into the box gently and rolled out another. Then Manager S. T. Arthur, who had been a silent witness, supported a man on each arm and a trip was made to the refreshment room. The claim will be called the "Monte Carlo" by its owner, Mr. Sherwood. It was bonded some time ago by a payment of \$1,000, but the bond lapsed. Mining men regard it as a good prospect, as the country within a circle of a few miles contains thousands of acres of the precious yellow metal.

Treasonable Rubbernecks.

South Bend has a new political party, termed by its enemies with great contempt the Rubberneck party, and by its friends and members with great pride ditto. Marion D. Egbert, famous throughout the world as the official starter and and catcher of a great many new things under the sun, is the chief of all the Rubbernecks in South Bend. They tell a funny tale over there, which shows that a man never lives to be too old to "rattle." When the city election was approaching, and the whole town was in a furor of excitement growing out of the campaign, Marion D. discovered that he had a client, a rude, untutored and unnaturalized Prussian, who would undoubtedly vote right were it not for the fact that he could not vote at all. There was a way out of the difficulty, however. Egbert and a few of his lieutenants chipped in enough to pay the fees and marched the Prussian up to the courthouse to be naturalized. Judge Langhorne put the usual questions to the candidate, who was a trifle slow with his English. He averred, however, in answer to the judicial conundrums duly propounded, that he liked this county and its laws, and was satisfied he would make a useful and peaceable citizen.

"Now, sir," said the judge, "I want to ask you

if you belong to any political party or organization, the object of which is the overthrow of this Government?"

The man said he did.

"Well, sir!" said the judge, rising up in great surprise, "will you tell me what it is, sir!"

"Die—die—vat you call 'em, Egbert?—die Rubbernecks," stammered the bewildered candidate.

He was duly admitted when the court recovered its composure and admonished the badly rattled chief of the Rubbernecks against harboring treasonable designs against the Government. —*Chehalis (Wash.) Nugget*.

The First Pork Corner.

A group of business men were sitting in front of the Simon House the other evening talking over current events, when conversation drifted into a discussion of the collapse of Jack Cudahy's pork corner. Fred Stencel, a ripe Biblical scholar, who had been sitting by as a listener, suddenly brought an unexpected question before the house. His mind had been quietly drifting along by the association of ideas of the cursed flesh and pork corners until it dwelt upon the

great pork deal, but a full account of it is given in the *Talmud*."—*Walla Walla Union-Journal*.

Cosmopolitan Towns.

The town of Palouse, Washington, believes itself entitled to be called a cosmopolitan place. The *News* has been looking over the registration books and finds among the names the natives of nearly every country on the face of the globe, and of nearly every State in the Union. Eleven of her voters were born in Canada, seven in Germany, four in Norway, two each in Ireland and Scotland, while Sweden, Denmark, England, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland are each represented by one voter. Illinois has contributed more voters than any other State, New York and Oregon coming next. There are in the city representatives of Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maine, Tennessee, Utah, California, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Kansas, Vermont, Virginia, Texas, Georgia, Connecticut, West Virginia, Nevada, Nebraska, Colorado, New Jersey, Mississippi, Louisiana, New Hampshire and District of Columbia.

This cosmopolitan population is characteristic of all the towns in the Northwest. Someone, the



COAL MINING IN WHATCOM COUNTY, WASH.

matter involved in the question. "Did you ever hear," he asked, "why it is that Jews don't eat pork?" The other members of the party acknowledged that he had directed the conversation into a field of knowledge with which they were unfamiliar, and pressed Mr. Stencel for enlightenment on the question raised. "The answer takes us back to the collapse of the first pork corner. When Moses and Aaron were in the land of the Midianites, Aaron had an eye to business and established a hog ranch at the foot of Mt. Horeb. He had unlimited range and the business soon prospered, and he controlled the supply of the children of Israel. Moses saw that he had a good thing, and went to Aaron and asked to be let in on it. As Aaron had developed the business himself he saw no reason why he should share the profits with Moses, and refused. Moses thereupon forbade the eating of pork by the children of Israel and with one stroke destroyed Aaron's market. As Moses gave him no tip of what was coming, he had no chance to unload his prime mess pork or live stock. Josephus and Moses are both silent regarding the first

other day, was looking over the types of character to be noted on the streets of Missoula, Mont. There is a colony of Canadians, a lot of people from Virginia and a large number from New York and New England. Nearly every State has its sons and daughters among Missoula's inhabitants. The Indian reservation near by adds picturesque physiognomies and the heathen Chinese lend still further variety to the population. Then there are the hunters and trappers and the mining prospectors, who visit the city at intervals.

This commingling of the people of the several parts of the republic as well as of different nationalities broadens the minds of those who live in their midst. Weak characters that need the restraints of long established and narrowly-confined usages may not so easily resist the temptations of the newer towns of the Northwest; but there is invigoration for the more rugged natives and a freer play to the development of individual powers. Give us the towns of Washington, where "a man is a man for a' that, and a' that."—*Spokane Review*.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, MARCH, 1894.

THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROADS.

Adversity has its uses. The hard times are having the effect to bring the trans-continental railroads into harmonious relations at last. All of them are in a bad way financially. The oldest of them all, the Union Pacific, is in the hands of receivers. So is the Northern Pacific. So is the Atchison. The Southern Pacific is running very close to the danger line, and has been saved thus far only by its strong grasp on the local traffic of California. The Great Northern has a thousand miles of new road which does not earn the wages of the trainmen and sectionmen. The Canadian Pacific juggles its financial statements and keeps its head above water by the aid of the Dominion Government, which it practically owns.

Last summer the trans-continental roads carried passengers for a cent a mile, a rate which would ruin the richest road in the most densely populated part of the East. Their freight rates were correspondingly low. This was the situation to which they were brought by their fool efforts to cut each other's throats, and by their blind infatuation about through business. The truth is there is not enough through business on the Pacific Coast to support a single line, if one line could control it all. It is the local business which maintains the railroads. The trans-continental lines have been neglecting their local interests in their efforts to get as big a share as possible of the unprofitable through traffic. Now they are disposed, after having learned the bitter lesson of adversity, to behave in a friendly way towards each other, to restore rates to figures that will afford some profit, and to put their best work into the development of business along their lines. This is hopeful and encouraging for the communities which they serve and for the bondholders who have put their money into these great properties.

FUTURE OF THE PUGET SOUND BASIN.

In the Puget Sound Basin, as the term is usually accepted, are included the two shores of the Sound proper and of all the various channels that connect with it as far north as Bellingham Bay and the British line. On most maps the lower part of the great sea arm that reaches into the land from the Strait of Juan de Fuca for over a hundred miles is called Admiralty Inlet, but the public of the North Pacific Coast has never generally accepted this term, and the Sound has always been the popular name for the entire system of waters, reaching from the Gulf of Georgia on the north to Olympia on the south. The basin in which these waters lie is bounded on the east by the lofty range of the Cascade Mountains, and on the west for the greater part of its length by the formidable chain of the Olympics. The country is covered with dense forests except where openings have been made by the axe of the lumberman or where farmers have cleared the woods from the narrow alluvial valleys, with much arduous labor. The areas adapted for agriculture are small, but are highly productive. More than nine-tenths of the total acreage of the region consists of fir uplands, having a soil composed of a mixture of clay and gravel that produces a good growth of grass and is adapted for fruit trees, but is not sufficiently fertile for general crops. Besides, the expense of clearing this heavily timbered land is so great that it would not attract farmers even if it had a good soil. To get the trees and stumps off the ground costs about \$150 an acre.

A traveler unfamiliar with the resources of the Puget Sound Basin is astonished at the population it supports, and particularly at the size of the towns and cities. He fails to understand at first sight how so many people can make a living between the rims of the two mountain ranges, both of which are in plain view from the deck of the steamboat on which he sails along the Sound. In Seattle there are said to be 60,000 people; in Tacoma 50,000; in New Whatcom and Fairhaven 15,000; in Olympia 5,000; in Port Townsend 3,000; and a multitude of smaller towns are dotted along the railroads and the waters of the Sound. The traveler is disposed to think that the whole region has been artificially stimulated and boomed, with the result of attracting to it a much larger population than it can support. This idea, in the form of a troublesome apprehension, was shared lately by many people long residing in the basin. It has recently been put to a sharp test by the general business depression afflicting all parts of the United States. The Sound Country has come through this severe attack of hard times with no more suffering than has been felt in old Eastern communities. Its great industry of lumber was badly hurt, because the lumber trade is only brisk when material for house building and other construction is in brisk demand. Still it has now no more unemployed laborers in proportion to population than have such comparatively old and wealthy cities as St. Paul and Minneapolis. A few speculative towns, started without any good backing in the way of supporting industries or trade, collapsed, but all the well-established business centers held up remarkably well. Business of all kinds now shows an encouraging recovery. The trying experiences of the past nine months have demonstrated to the people of the Sound Basin that they have a solid footing and that there was not as much speculative wind to be squeezed out of their enterprises by the pressure of adversity as they themselves feared.

The fact is that the basin has extraordinary resources for maintaining a large population. Its leading industry, that of lumber, with its various branches, employs labor largely, and its products are the result of the application of muscle and machinery to an abundant and cheap

store of raw material in the superb forests of the basin and of the foot-hills of the mountains. The coal industry is also an important supporter of labor. Hop-raising, fruit culture and dairying enable a large rural population to live on a relatively small area of cleared land. The fisheries support a goodly number of people. Living is cheap because of the abundance of food and the mild winters. Snow and ice are rarely seen and most of the period from November to April seems like a continuous spring.

The Puget Sound Basin will be one of the first sections of the country to benefit by a new era of national prosperity. It has great and lasting resources. It has demonstrated its strength by the way it has come through the recent general commercial crisis and stagnation. It is still an attractive field for settlement and substantial business enterprise.

A GREAT FRUIT CONVENTION.

A very important and successful convention was held in Spokane on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February, for the purpose of promoting the fruit-growing industry of the Pacific Northwest. It was attended by orchardists from all parts of Washington, from Northern Idaho, from the Willamette Valley and Eastern Oregon, and from British Columbia. Fruit commission men came from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha, the chief fruit distributing centers of the older West. The railroads sent a number of their officials to represent the transportation factor in the problem of finding new markets for the fruit crops of the new orchards and vineyards beyond the Rockies. Handsome displays of fruit were made in a large hall. Apples were shown from all parts of the region represented at the convention. Those grown on the Spokane Plain, in Eastern Washington and the Potlatch Country of Idaho, without irrigation, and in the Yakima Valley, in Central Washington, under irrigation, were the best in hardness and flavor. The peaches of the Snake River bottoms, of the Yakima Valley and the Columbia Valley could only be shown in glass, but their quality has long been demonstrated to equal that of the best Delaware fruit and the yield is much more reliable. In pears the Walla Walla Valley took the lead, and made, besides, a great display of apples. In prunes the Oregon orchards and those of Clarke County, Washington, on the Columbia, were most conspicuously represented, but the young irrigated orchards of Zillah, on the Yakima, also made a superb showing. The prune appears to thrive equally well in the very moist climate west of the Cascade Mountains and in the very dry climate east of those mountains, where all orchards are irrigated. Comparatively little attention has been given to grapes, but it is well established that the Yakima Valley, from North Yakima down to the Columbia, is well adapted to vineyards and will eventually become famous for its wine and its table grapes.

The convention discussed freight rates, methods of packing and shipping, markets, protection from insects, State legislation and other topics connected with the fruit industry, and the growers compared experiences with different varieties of fruit and felt themselves strengthened for future labors by the spirit of fraternity shown by the cordial desire of transporters and commission merchants to co-operate with them in opening up new markets and in securing for their products an opportunity for fair competition on their merits with the fruit of California, Missouri, Southern Illinois and Michigan. The theory of the convention was, that with an evidently superior grade of fruit in appearance and flavor the Pacific Northwest should, from its geographical position, furnish nearly the entire supply, outside of tropical fruits, of Montana, the two Dakotas, Manitoba, Nebraska and Wis-

consin. This theory was supported by the railroad men, who gave assurances of the lowest rates consistent with a moderate profit on the transportation of the fruit. In its favor was urged the remarkably prolific and reliable yields of the orchards of this new fruit region, the rapid growth and good health of the trees, their comparative immunity from insect pests, and the mild and agreeable climate which gives the orchardist nine or ten months in the year for outdoor work. The haul to points as far distant as St. Paul is considerably longer than that from the orchards of Western Michigan and Southern Illinois, but the trans-continental roads are eager for tonnage to support their long lines and will make more favorable rates in proportion to distance than those of the busy Eastern lines. The roads were, in fact, very active as promoters of the convention. The Northern Pacific, especially, has shown intelligent energy in efforts to advance the fruit-growing movement in Washington, Idaho and Oregon. Its freight department issued a year ago a large edition of an illustrated document devoted to this subject and has lately printed a second edition for distribution among growers already established, intending settlers who contemplate going out to make homes for themselves in the orchard districts, and fruit merchants and consumers in the States tributary to the fruit trade of Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Omaha. The Union Pacific and the Great Northern have earnestly seconded the efforts of the Northern Pacific and are giving a good deal of attention in their literature to the fruit-growing advantages of the Pacific Slope.

From statistics presented at the convention it appears that Washington has already distanced its mother State, Oregon, in fruit culture. It will have, at the end of the planting season of 1894, 45,000 acres in fruit, which will produce not far from 20,000 tons next season. Whitman County will have about 400 car loads to ship; Walla Walla County 250; Yakima 200; Clarke 170; Lewis 100; Kittitas 90; and other counties will range from 10 to 60 each. In dried fruits Clarke County, the district where prune-growing is most advanced, will lead with 55 car loads. Whitman and Clarke lead in peaches, but the young orchards of Yakima will soon put that county to the front. It is estimated that 1,500,000 fruit trees of all kinds will be planted in Washington the coming season. The new settlers, attracted to the State this year by the general spread of information in the East concerning its fruit-growing advantages, will no doubt prepare at least 10,000 acres of land for planting next year. It will not be long before Washington and the adjacent parts of Oregon and Idaho will furnish our Eastern markets with thousands of car loads of the best flavored apples, peaches, pears, apricots, plums, prunes, nectarines, cherries and grapes. Our advice to people who are placed in unfavorable conditions by the business depression in the East, who have some capital and who understand that successful fruit-growing requires brains and industry, is to go out to the mild and healthful climate of the Pacific Northwest and establish themselves on its productive soil, planting orchards and vineyards and securing an independent life, free from the hazards of closed factories, bankrupt stores and all the many ills inseparable from periods of financial disaster.

BLAINE is an attractive little tide-water town in the extreme northwestern corner of Washington, snug up against the British boundary. It had its boomlet in the boom days and entertained hopes of becoming a commercial city, based on its excellent harbor and its fine site for building. It has been dull of late like scores of other ambitious places, but now its courage is revived by a party of Illinois capitalists who have undertaken the construction of a railroad to connect

with the Lake Shore line of the Northern Pacific system at Sumas, and with the Canadian Pacific at the same point. Blaine has already a branch of the Great Northern, and with the new road it will be in touch with all three of the great systems that operate on the North Pacific Coast. The Illinois people seem to realize that railroads alone do not make cities and they are going to work to colonize with emigrants from their State the lands of the Nooksack Valley and the Fraser River delta tributary to Blaine. They intend also to establish salmon canneries and wood-working factories.

THE Montana wool-growers are taking measures to down the combination of Boston commission merchants which raised the old established rate of commission for storing and selling wool last summer. The figure was five per cent, and it was suddenly advanced to a cent and a half a pound, which, at the low price of wool, amounted to twelve and a half per cent. This robbery was sprung on the growers at a time when they could do nothing to help themselves in the disposition of their last year's clip. Now they are going to rent a warehouse in Boston, send an agent on to receive their consignments and hold weekly sales which the manufacturers will attend. The commission men will be down on their knees before next fall, and the result will show that there is always a way to beat an outrageous combination to oppress producers if the producers themselves show intelligence and nerve.

WHAT a blessing it would be to the farmers of all our vast Northwestern prairies if some inventive genius would devise a process and a machine for converting straw into domestic fuel. A portable apparatus, that could be hauled from farm to farm like a threshing machine, is what is needed. Surely there might be some method invented that would use the great stores of carbon contained in the strawstacks now burned to get rid of them. One great drawback to farm life on the treeless plains would be removed if the settler's strawstacks could be made to yield him his winter fuel. Some sort of inflammable material would have to be used to bind the chopped straw into pressed blocks and the basis of this should no doubt be crude petroleum. Here is a field for the host of inventors who are now wasting their gray matter on more patent churns and more useless car couplers.

THE First National Bank of Helena, which was forced to suspend during the panic of last July, although it had a surplus of good assets over its liabilities of nearly a million dollars, has re-opened its doors and finds itself as strong as it was at any time in its long career. This institution is closely identified with the entire history of Montana and there has been hardly an important enterprise or industry which it has not aided with its large resources of capital. Ex-Gov. Hauser is still its president, with Mr. Knight and Mr. Kleinschmidt at the cashiers' desks. Helena has always been the financial center of the State of Montana and the First National will continue to be its leading bank.

MOST people suppose that a thermometer hung where the wind strikes it will register a lower temperature than one hung in a sheltered place. This is an error. In fact, where very accurate observations are made it is found that a wind actually raises the mercury a trifle by its friction on the bulb. A cold wind is no colder than the still air at the time, but it abstracts warmth from living organisms from the fact that the higher the velocity of the wind the more air is brought in contact with the body. As the mercury in the bulb of the thermometer has no warmth it can lose none by a wind blowing on it.



I WAS in Jamestown on the coldest day of the past winter, when the mercury stood at thirty-eight below and there was a pretty stiff northwest wind blowing. Under such conditions a man is very apt to take close observations of stoves and fuel. I found that the domestic lignite of North Dakota is gaining largely in popular favor and is now used by a number of people in both town and country as a more economical fuel at the price charged, \$3.50 per ton, than Pennsylvania anthracite, which costs \$10.50. Editor Kellogg, of the *Alert*, assured me that he had settled the question for good in his office in favor of lignite. Much more labor is required to burn lignite than anthracite, in the way of carrying in coal and removing ashes; but in these hard times this does not count against a substantial saving in cash outlay.

LIVINGSTON is one of the most active and progressive towns in Montana. It has suffered from the prevailing hard times, like all towns East and West, but I saw few vacant houses and no vacant stores except a few wooden structures that are no longer desirable for trade, since the erection of the many good brick blocks. A handsome opera house with a front of Montana sandstone was put up last year. Owing to the falling off in railway business a number of trainmen, who used to make their homes in Livingston, were thrown out of work last summer and fall and the force in the shops was cut down about one-half. These are the only causes now injuriously affecting the business of the town. The cattle and sheep industries in the neighboring country are increasing in magnitude, and placer mining in the gulches up the Yellowstone, near the National Park, is becoming an important business. In the vicinity of the placers and well up towards the top of a high peak is the Crevice Mountain gold mine and stamp mill, owned chiefly in St. Paul. It is a first-class property and its success will probably lead to the working of other veins this year. Everybody in Montana now talks gold and many promising quartz leads that were neglected during the silver epoch are being developed. This is going to be a great year for gold mining.

I HAD an interesting talk in Bozeman with W. W. Alderson, the veteran editor of the *Avant Courier*, on the changed conditions of farming in the irrigated valleys of Central Montana. Formerly, he said, the farmers expected to make enough by three or four months' work, raising oats and wheat, to live comfortably the rest of the year and have plenty of spending money. Some of them used to take their families to California for a winter pleasure trip. Now, with the low prices of all kinds of grain, they are obliged to practice economies which they formerly despised. They complain that farming is a poor business. Yet those that have adapted themselves to the new conditions are getting along without worry and are keeping out of debt. With reasonable economy, making the most of a farm to raise hogs, beef, cattle, poultry, small fruits and vegetables for home consumption, as well as to cultivate the staple market crops, agriculture is more attractive in Montana than in any Eastern State. Irrigated crops are sure crops and always give large yields, and for the minor products of a well-managed farm there is always a good home

market. Montana does not yet furnish nearly all the flour, pork, hams, bacon, butter and small fruits her people consume. As long as this is the case there will be good opportunities for more farmers in her valleys.

In the scramble a year ago in the Montana Legislature over the location of the new State institutions, Bozeman secured the only real immediate prize. This is the Agricultural College, which, with the Experiment Station attached to it, draws about \$40,000 a year from the congressional fund. The other institutions exist thus far only in name, for the reason that the Legislature failed to provide any money for starting them. The Agricultural College starts off with over one hundred students, drawn mainly from farmers' families, and the citizens of Bozeman are delighted with this favorable beginning. There is no money to erect buildings, but the college is comfortably housed for the present in a portion of the new High School edifice and in a large wooden structure, once a skating rink and afterwards used for a local academy. Prof. Ryon, late of Deer Lodge, is the president, and at the head of the Experiment Station is Prof. Emory, a Minnesota man, formerly connected with the Jewel nurseries at Lake City and one of the best practical horticulturists and agriculturists in the West. Bozeman expects this college to have five hundred students in a few years and to do a magnificent work in elevating and making more profitable the occupation of farming in Montana. The situation of the town, in the best cultivated farming valley of the State, and the intelligent and substantial character of the people make the location a peculiarly fit one for an institution of this class.

I HEARD in Montana a suggestion in relation to Prof. Elliott Coues' new edition of the "Journal of Lewis and Clarke." The learned editor has added many foot-notes identifying the localities described with those known to the settlers of the present day. Many of the names given by the explorers have been preserved, but many have been changed. Prof. Coues never went over the route of Lewis and Clarke himself before publishing the book. He might have made his notes still more interesting had he come in communication with pioneers like Col. W. F. Wheeler, of Helena, who knows every mile of the way, and who would have furnished him with much topographical and legendary information that would have added to the value of the book. Col. Wheeler has followed the Missouri from its ultimate source in the headwaters of the Jefferson clear down to the Mississippi. As librarian of the Historical Library, an institution supported by State appropriations, he has gathered a large amount of valuable material in relation to early explorations and the early settlement of Montana. He was a pioneer in Minnesota before he went to Montana and was a contemporary of Gen. Sibley and Gov. Ramsey. He is now seventy years old, but he is still an active man and a clear and vigorous writer.

IN Great Falls I went with Paris Gibson, the father of the town, and Mr. Scott, the manager of the townsite company, to visit the big smelting and refining works of the Boston and Montana company, located at the Black Eagle Falls. We went out by electric car, descended the long, steep flights of stairs to the bottom of the gorge, looked at the waterpower which runs the city electric plant and furnishes power by cable to the flour mills and elevator above, and then crossed the river on a wire suspension foot-bridge in face of the roaring waters of the falls. A breathless climb up the northern bank brought us to the office of the company. I wanted to see the new electrolytic process of separating the metals contained in the copper matte, but the

superintendent said that no visitors were allowed in that part of the establishment. The process, as he explained it and illustrated it with photos, is simply the old electrotyping method on a larger scale. A thin plate of metal is suspended in an acid bath through which a powerful electric current passes. In this bath a large chunk of the matte is placed. The copper, in the eating away process, is taken up in solution and deposited on the plate, while the gold, silver and dross are precipitated to the bottom of the tank in the form of a paste which looks like brown mud. This is put into a furnace which melts the gold and silver into ingots and these two metals are then separated by the old acid process. It is remarkable how large a population is supported by a concern like this. Over eight hundred men are employed in the works. Add to these the miners who mine the ore in Butte, the coal miners in Sand Coulee who get out the enormous amount of coal daily consumed in the furnaces, and the railroad men engaged in transporting the coal, ore and the metal products, make an estimate of the number of women and children dependent on this army of laborers and the grand total will be a population sufficient to form a considerable town by themselves.

I LOOKED over the new city of Everett on my way to Seattle last month. The place has made great progress since my last visit, a year ago, especially on the bay side, where there is now a handsome business street of solid brick blocks and a great array of dwellings of all sorts and conditions, from unpainted shanties to handsome homes in all the modern styles of architecture and all the variegated colors which architects fancy. Several of the streets are paved with thick fir planking. The Hotel Monte Cristo looks out from its terraces—as green in February as a St. Paul lawn in June—over a noble expanse of salt water to the Olympic Mountains. The nail mill is shut down, waiting for the tariff tinkers at Washington to finish their work. The big paper mill is running and so are all the sawmills and shingle mills. The new smelter will start as soon as it can get concentrates from the Monte Cristo mines. Little is doing at the barge works and the large project of building steel whalebacks here to go into the trade of the Pacific seems to have been put to sleep for the time being by the general business depression. An electric railroad unites the scattered segments of the young city, running from the bay side to the river settlement and putting out branches to the paper mill and the barge works and smelter. The wealthy Eastern promoters of Everett, who set out to create a city in short order on what was a wilderness peninsula, lying between the Snohomish River and Port Gardner, have certainly no reason to be discouraged at the results of their efforts up to the present date. The population of the place is estimated by Schuyler Duryee, their manager, at 5,500—unquestionably an excellent showing for only three years from the original stumps and trees. A period of quiet may be expected to follow this rapid and energetically stimulated growth, but the town has a solid basis on enterprises which employ labor largely and it will not go backwards.

I HAVE a friend whose personal history illustrates the advantage that some men find in changing their environment. He used to live in an old town in Eastern Washington, where matters were run by men who came into the country in the fifties or the early sixties and where there was a saying current that nobody had any chance for an office unless he had "bull-whacked it across the plains with one gallus." My friend was not an old-timer and that circumstance was against him. He was also discounted because he wrote for the newspapers and occasionally did a bit of work in the

realm of literature. The staid old citizens were afraid he might be a genius. Three years ago he removed to South Bend, a new settlement on the tidal flow of the Willapa River. Now I find that he is mayor of the town and prosecuting attorney of the county. He is too busy with law to have any time to write imaginative sketches. He may now and then look back regretfully on the days when he sat under his peach trees in the sleepy inland town and read poetry. But he has secured his footing in the world of affairs and his regrets are only such as we all feel when we grow reminiscent and think of the old days when we were younger and the world looked fairer. His case is typical of those of a multitude of men who have changed their base and found an improvement in their fortunes under new skies.

THE passage of the Cascade Mountains on the switchback line of the Great Northern Railway is an experience long to be remembered. The road leaves the warm valley of the Columbia and follows the brawling Wenatchie by stiff grades up to the base of the mountains. At Leavenworth two big "hog" engines take hold of the train, one at each end, and a special crew is put in charge of the zig-zag trip up to the summit of the pass and down the western slope. A channel through the enormous fields of snow, lying twelve feet deep on a level, is kept open by two rotary plows and several gangs of shovelers. The powerful locomotives manage the long train with ease, signalling to each other for the stops and starts, the shrieks of their whistles echoing along the mountain sides. Most of the way the banks of snow, clean-cut like marble walls, come up almost to the tops of the car windows. From valley to valley the distance by the switchback lines is ten miles and the time consumed is one hour. The engineering shown in the location and construction of the road is admirable, and the only objection from an operating point of view is the expense of keeping the line open through the snows of the winter and the extra motive power required. I hear that Mr. Hill is so well satisfied with his switchback that he does not intend to push the work on the long tunnel beneath it. Interest on the cost of this tunnel will more than pay the extra cost of taking his trains over the mountain.

WHILE in Bozeman I heard some complaint of the railroads for bringing North Dakota flour into Montana at freight rates that enable it to compete with Montana flour, to the detriment of the latter. The argument was that the roads ought to help build up home industries in Montana. When I arrived in Helena, however, I picked up a newspaper and noticed the advertisement of a grocer giving prices for leading commodities, and there Dakota flour was quoted at \$2.50 per 100 pounds and Montana flour at \$1.50 for the same quantity. One dollar per hundred should certainly be margin enough to enable the Montana millers to find a home market for their output. The same advertisement furnished figures to disprove the commonly accepted idea that the cost of living in Montana is a great deal higher than in the East. Eighteen pounds of granulated sugar are sold for a dollar; cornmeal costs 45 cents for a 25-pound sack; hams are 11 cents a pound; bacon 12½ cents; strictly fresh eggs 15 cents per dozen; fancy creamery butter 25 cents per pound; leaf lard 11 cents; salmon 10 cents per can; tomatoes and corn 10 cents per can; and so on through a long list that will compare pretty well with current prices in St. Paul. Meat is cheaper than in Eastern cities and dry goods and clothing are not noticeably higher. Yet the miners of Montana insist upon \$3.50 a day for their labor and have forced a good many mines to shut down because that price cannot be paid with silver at its present low figure.

SPRING VALLEY, WISCONSIN, THE NEW MINING AND MANUFACTURING TOWN.

While the panic of 1893 has paralyzed nearly every town in the United States, Spring Valley, in Pierce County, Wis., presents a scene of the greatest activity, and a city is growing there despite the panicky conditions prevailing elsewhere. Located in the midst of one of the most valuable beds of iron ore in the world, and surrounded on all sides by an immense body of hardwood timber, all the conditions for the manufacture of charcoal iron are here present, such as to defy panics, free trade and all other incidents which go to depress the iron business.

At Spring Valley is located one of the largest, most perfect iron smelters for the manufacture of charcoal iron in this country, and Feb. 20th, 1894, is memorable as the date when it first commenced the manufacture of iron from this ore. About one hundred men are employed by the Eagle Furnace Company in this smelter, turning out one hundred and ten tons of charcoal iron per day. About four hundred men are employed in the woods cutting cordwood, which is hauled by one hundred teams to Spring Valley, there to be converted into charcoal for use in the smelter. Spring Valley already boasts of a solid bank—the Exchange and Savings Bank—which did not “bust” during the panic; of the Spring Valley Mercantile Company,—which is selling in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars a year, and of one of the neatest forty-room hotels in the State. The Spring Valley Spoke, Stave & Heading Company is building a factory there which will be in full operation by April 1st, and a mill and bending works for the manufacture of sleigh and wagon stock will be erected there during the coming summer.

Spring Valley is located about midway between St. Paul and Eau Claire, and about ten miles south of the station Woodville, on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha R. R. From

Woodville the Wisconsin and Minnesota Railroad takes the passengers to Spring Valley. This railroad also intersects the Wisconsin Central line at Emerald. Spring Valley is destined to be a town of first importance, but residence and business lots are held at low values, the people not seeming to realize the great things in store for their town.

L. M. N.

160 WORLD'S FAIR PHOTOS FOR \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers.

Remittances should be made by draft, money order or registered letters.

Thousands of people are looking Californiaward. They want to know where to go to raise fruit and how to travel cheaply and comfortably. For full answer to these questions, address

CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF INFORMATION,
Room 1138 Guaranty Loan Building,
Minneapolis, Minn.

A Case of Whitewash.

In olden times the Buddhist artists, in painting religious pictures, were seekers after effect, and especially a misty effect which would impart spirituality to the subjects. This was done by means of a thin coating of filmy white, something akin to whitewash. That, in all probability, was the origin of the term “to whitewash.” But no film of fancy or effect is needed to heighten the prestige that has been enjoyed for years by the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad. Everybody is aware of the fame of the Duluth Short Line—as it is more generally known—of its popularity as the best route between Saint Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points. Its equipment is a dream of luxury, its trains are swift and smooth running and its terminals the finest in the land. For a man to make one trip over this route is to make that person a regular patron of the line, as the record of the Duluth Short Line will show. Always take the Duluth Short Line if you want a comfortable run at convenient hours. Circulars, maps,

time tables or general information furnished upon application to ticket agents, or write to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

“What Hath God Wrought!”

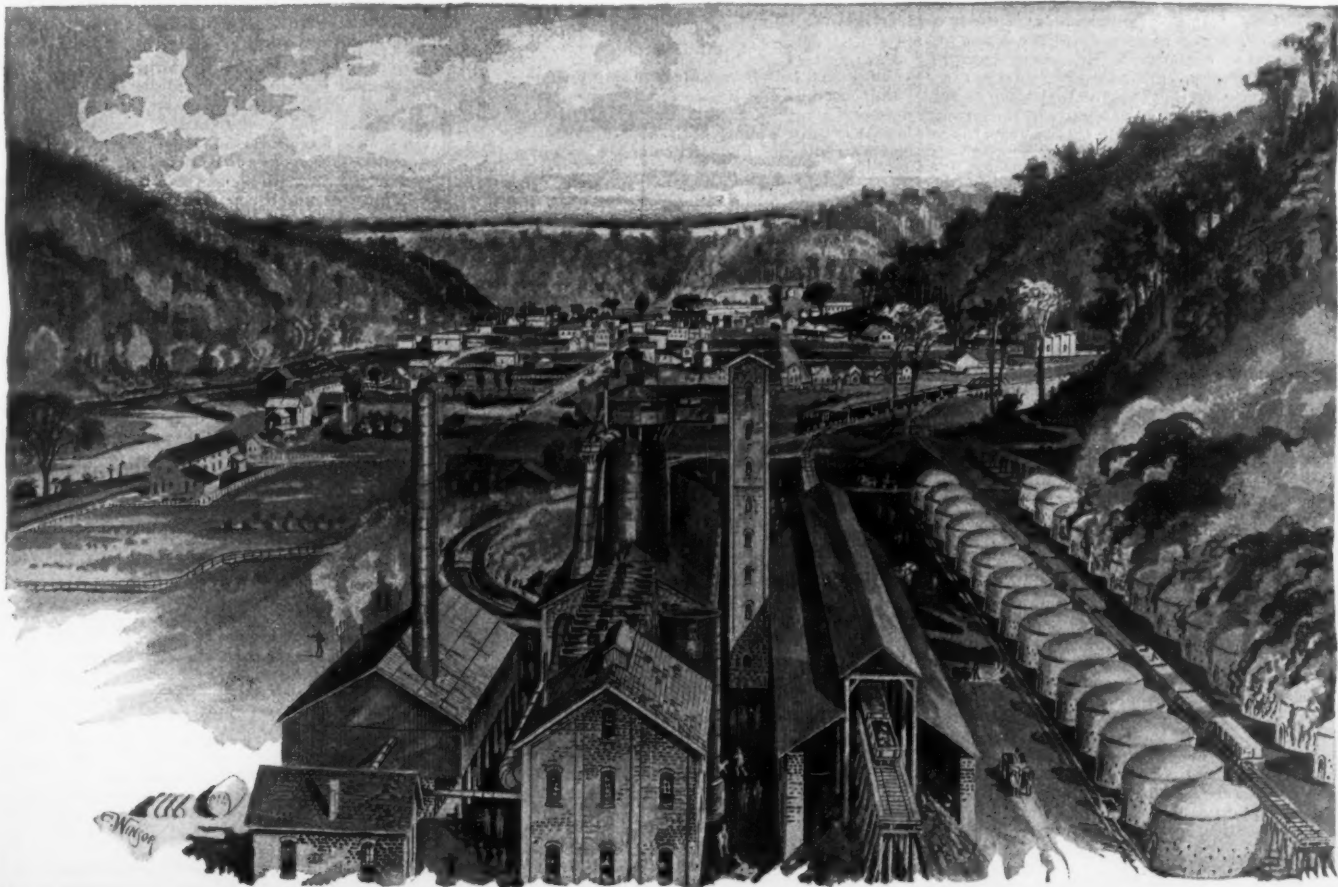
The long life of S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph, is one of almost romantic struggle and interest. Born in 1791, he graduated from Yale College at eighteen, and having strong artistic tastes, studied painting under Allston, which he afterwards followed with success. Returning in 1822 from Europe, he became much interested in a discussion on electricity, and then and there conceived the basic idea of telegraphy, the interval in an interrupted current being made long or short at will. But he did not take this up until he failed to be awarded the decorating of the capitol building at Washington. Abandoning painting, he worked for twelve years in poverty and amid many discouragements, until on February, 23, 1844, Congress made an appropriation for an experimental line between Baltimore and Washington. May 24th, the same year, the line was completed and the words that head this paragraph were sent by the inventor. He rendered possible the present railroad system of our country, for it could be operated in safety only by the aid of the telegraph. Telegraphic operation and synchronized time are what make travel so safe and speedy on the Burlington. For tickets, rates, or any information, address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul Minn.

California's green fruit crop sent East of the 1892 crop brought \$5,000,000. If you want to know how to raise fruit there, address

CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF INFORMATION,
Room 1138 Guaranty Loan Building,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



SPRING VALLEY, WISCONSIN.



Wisconsin.
SUPERINTENDENT DAVIS, of the Prentice Brownstone Company, in an interview stated that the famous monolith which was to have gone to the World's Fair is still intact. Reports have been circulated that it was being sawed up and had been cracked, etc., but such is not the case. The great monster is even more solid than ever after a year's exposure to the open air. It can be transferred to an Ashland square at a cost of \$20,000, and a movement is on foot to have it thus disposed of.—*Stone.*

With the completion of the new docks of the Northwestern Coal Railway Company and Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Superior will have ten coal docks and Duluth six, making a total of sixteen for the twocities with a capacity of over 3,000,000 tons and capable of handling 6,000,000 tons in one year. Last year the coal companies at the head of the lakes handled 2,127,781 tons, the largest year in the history of the head of the lakes.—*Superior Inland Ocean.*

Minnesota.
A DISPATCH from Redwood Falls says that some miners on the north side of the Minnesota River have been working in search of coal. The results of their labor have been highly satisfactory. They struck a vein of coal which they describe as of very superior quality. At last accounts they had found between four and five feet of solid coal.

The real estate men of Moorhead claim that the payments of interest on farm loans have been much more prompt than for many years past. Times being hard doesn't seem to discourage the farmers as much as it does men in other vocations. At a meeting of the Hubbard County Improvement Union a company was formed to build a starch factory at Park Rapids of 2,000 bushels per day capacity. The farmers will grow 100,000 bushels of potatoes next season.

W. E. SEELEYE, of Brainerd, one of the discoverers of gold in the Rainy River district of Minnesota, states that he has been given a Government contract to survey lands in the northern part of the State, and his crews are already in the field. He expects to make this an exception to the rule that surveys drag over a long term. His survey is sub-dividing some of the townships that border on the Rainy River. He expects to have the work completed early this spring.—*Grand Rapids Review.*

SENATOR WASHBURN has introduced a bill in the Senate, which if passed, will have an important bearing upon the development of Northern Minnesota. It grants the Duluth & Winnipeg Railroad Company right of way through the Chippewa and White Earth reservations, the route to run northwest to a point between the Red River of the North and the Lake of the Woods. Surveys are to be made as soon as the bill is passed, and the road is to be completed in three years from the completion of the survey or the grant is to be forfeited.

SAYS the *Northwest Trade*: The banks of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and we suppose the banks of other distributing centers, are holding the lines very tightly on loans. Gilt-edged paper, of which there is only a small supply, is the only paper they want; but meanwhile the manufacturers and jobbers are going right ahead transacting business, with every seeming confidence that the country will pull through its protracted period of depression all right. The bankers might profitably take a lesson from the rest of the business world.

THE Lake Superior, Southwestern & Gulf Railroad Company, with a capital of \$5,000,000, has filed articles of incorporation at Des Moines. The corporation has for its object the construction and operation under one management of one or more roads in Minnesota, one north and one south line in Iowa, with a system in Missouri which, with the construction of 200 miles south from Aurora, Mo., will give the new road access to Little Rock, where connections for New Orleans and Sabine Pass will be made. The whole system will be a direct line of rail communication from Duluth to the Gulf at Sabine Pass. J. V. Farwell, Gen. J. M. Dodge and Geo. W. Cable are among the backers.

JOHN MCCASKILL, who for many years has been a surveyor and prospector in the mineral country of

Northwestern Minnesota, is in the city to-day, having come down from the Rainy Lake Country. He says that during the past month over 200 prospectors have gone into that country and a full fledged boom is in progress. Several good prospects have been located, and Rainy Lake City has become a very lively mining camp. They now have a big crusher there and the new saw-mills, with a capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber for the season, will be running within two weeks. They expect a bigger rush than ever as soon as spring opens.—*St. Paul Dispatch, Feb. 17.*

North Dakota.

A WEALTHY company from Indiana has purchased a section of low land southwest of Gary, and will plant it to cranberries this year. An artesian well will be used for the purpose of furnishing moisture and preventing frost.

MR. A. F. REILLY, the owner of lignite mines at Lehigh, near Dickinson, says the more the people in the valley districts use lignite, the better they like it, and he believes that West Missouri miners can expect business of great proportions next season.—*Mandan Pioneer.*

A FARGO *Argus* representative called upon the leading wholesale merchants there with a view of ascertaining the condition of trade and the outlook for the future. Without one single exception the managers of these establishments report the volume of business transacted satisfactory and in several instances they were three or four days behind in fulfilling their orders.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Mandan asks that the Chamber of Commerce of St. Paul investigate the immense lignite beds of North Dakota. He believes that much mutual benefit can be accomplished. The western part of the State, it is claimed, is underlaid with this coal in seams from six to fourteen feet in thickness. The development of coal interests in Minnesota or the Dakotas would inaugurate a new era of business prosperity.

I. D. SPAULDING, representing a large New York importing and manufacturing clothing firm, just returned from North Dakota, said to a St. Paul reporter: "I found business and collections much better than I expected to. We cover the State pretty thoroughly and there was only one account with which we had trouble. For a State that is advertised through its own newspapers as a bankrupt, with no money in its treasury, and at a loss to know how to keep the State government above water, this is quite a remarkable showing. The people with whom we deal are prompt to pay their bills."

South Dakota.

A SPECIAL from Eureka, dated Jan. 25th, says: Another coach load of Russian immigrants arrived yesterday. Many more will arrive during the spring months. Quite a number of land seekers from Eastern States are looking up locations in this vicinity. Good Government lands in this vicinity can be taken under the Homestead Act.

THE overwhelming success of the cyanide process on Black Hills ores was proved beyond a peradventure yesterday, says the *Deadwood Pioneer* of Jan. 25th, when the test charge of thirty-eight tons was drawn off and the bullion fused into bars. The product from this number of tons made a brick weighing thirty-eight ounces. This shows a saving of ninety per cent of the assay value, which was \$20 per ton gold and seventy cents silver.

LAST year South Dakota harvested an immense crop of corn, the largest in her history, and must from now on be classed among the safe corn and hog States. In addition to the large corn crop there was a good crop of wheat and other small grains and vegetables. The past has been a hard year, but this State has come through with flying colors. Speaking of corn it may be remarked that the hot, dry weather that prevailed so generally over the entire country had comparatively little effect on corn in this State where cultivation was thorough, which is a most favorable indication, and proves that our soil is of a superior nature. Corn is now a staple product in South Dakota.—*Western Investor.*

Montana.

A HUGE amethyst, weighing twelve pounds and measuring, extreme length, nine inches by five in thickness, is on exhibition by Billy Norwood. Norwood discovered the stone up Granite Creek, his attention being attracted by the brilliant display of colors sparkling in the sunlight.—*Mattsonian.*

THE residents of Castle have taken a new grip on life since the prospect that the Montana Midland Railroad will build to that camp this year has become practically a certainty. Its coming will have the

effect of reviving work in many of the mines, and a boom for Castle is probable.—*Red Lodge New Idea.*

Z. T. BURTON, of Choteau, has gone to St. Paul to meet a number of Mennonites who have decided to locate in Teton County near Choteau. The men will accompany Mr. Burton on his return this week. Their families will not come till spring. In the meantime land will be selected and homes built and everything will be arranged to go into farming as soon as spring opens.—*Helena Independent.*

THE latest addition to the mineral discoveries in Cascade County is a large supply of aluminum-bearing sand rock just below Riceville. Wm. Albright, who is getting out lime rock near Riceville, first noticed the sand rock in question, and suspecting the existence of aluminum sent away some specimens for analysis. The returns he received show that the rock yields about thirty-eight per cent of the white metal.

WITH cash on hand to an amount many times equal to its demand liabilities, with its directory strengthened, and in every way in position to resume its former high position among the high financial institutions of the country, the First National Bank of Helena opened its doors recently. The resumption of this pioneer bank is a source of congratulation all over the State, in the development of whose industries it has been such an important factor.

IN Bozeman they have completed the organization of the Central Fair Association, with a capital of \$50,000. Officers have been elected, funds will be available, and the association proposes a grand fair to be held this year. The articles of incorporation recite that the object is to establish and maintain an agricultural society and racing association, and to aid and encourage the industrial and productive industries of the State. This idea is to make the exposition at Bozeman a State fair and to arrange for a display, in addition to the turf events, that will enlist the interest of every county in Montana.

SEVERAL of the ores of tellurium are found in the mines at Butte, Mill Creek, Highland, Malden, Neilhart, Little Rockies and Tucker Gulch. The ores found in these various localities differ very much in quantity and quality. The quantities thus far found in these localities are small, and the mines where they are observed have not been worked to develop them, and the ore has given no profitable result. The work on the mines in Tucker developed some fine masses of the telluride of gold, one of which would weigh twenty-five or thirty pounds. One of these specimens was sent to the Bank of England, which reported an assay of \$25,000 per ton in gold, the largest yield on record.—*Helena Independent.*

MONTANA is thinking of adopting a floral emblem. The *Helena Independent* thinks "the most delicately beautiful and showy flower native to Montana is the calochortus. The flowers are between two and three inches wide, the petals broad and cream colored with a purple fringed spot at the base of each. The stems grow from bulbs, are slender and bear flowers single or in clusters numbering from two to five. The difficulty is that these rare and beautiful flowers are nowhere abundant, and the umbels seldom have more than one or two flowers." The same paper also favors the anemone, delicate harbinger of spring, and the mountain clematis.

Idaho.

HON. J. B. THAYER, of this city, has been giving the placer mining region on the Snake River, Idaho, a thorough investigation. These old placer mines have been worked out and abandoned. Under the primitive process of mining with pick, shovel and pan the gold found did not pay the miner for his labor and he moved on to other fields. But new machines have been invented by the use of which it is expected these old diggings can be worked over with great profit.—*Superior (Wia.) Inland Ocean.*

THE big Lemhi ditch is to be constructed this season. This will be the greatest undertaking ever attempted in Lemhi County—the estimated cost being several hundred thousand dollars. It will open up an immense amount of placer ground and thousands of acres of good farming land can be utilized which is now dreary waste.—*Spokane Review.*

Oregon.

EASTERN people are beginning to learn of the good qualities of the timber of Oregon and Washington. The pine and fir is finding ready sale in the East. Oregon fir has been selected for use in the construction of the State University of Illinois, and Oregon cedar shingles have been introduced in the East, selling at the highest prices.

THE *Herald* says that between Huntington and the mouth of Powder River, a distance of about twenty-

five miles, not less than fifty miners are engaged with rocker and sluice in fine-gold mining on the bars of Snake River. From \$1 to \$2.50 per day is counted as good pay, where in the olden times \$10 per day was called poor compensation by the average miner.

Washington.

The people in the vicinity of Ellensburg have signed contracts to plant 2,500 acres in sugar beets the coming season.

"The State of Washington possesses more natural advantages for a pottery works turning out a high grade of earthen ware and iron stone china, than any other part of the nation," is what M. S. Hill told a Tacoma *Ledger* reporter.

The rich strike of corundum recently made in the vicinity of the opal mines, near Davenport, has greatly increased the interest of miners in that region. Corundum is a very valuable mineral, and may be white, gray and greenish, and usually bears rubies, sapphires or emeralds and is rarely found.

The Everett *Herald* publishes a map and gives full details of the plan of the Everett Land Company's proposed improvement in the harbor of that city. The undertaking is a gigantic one, and according to the *Herald* will afford forty-seven miles of practically fresh-water anchorage for the largest vessels entering Puget Sound.

The Grays Harbor country has withstood the season's financial difficulties in a satisfactory manner. Not one of her eight banks has found it necessary to close its doors, and not a grocer has been forced into liquidation. Every lumber mill in the country has exceeded its previous season's record, while 200 men

now find employment in the shingle mills, not one of which was in operation a year ago.—*West Coast Trade*.

NIGGER CREEK is destined to become one of the best camps in Kittitas County. It has cinnabar mines, asbestos and first-class silver and gold mines. The latter have proved to be the richest mines that have been worked in this country.—*Ellensburg Localizer*.

JULIUS SIEMENS, the banker of Gretna, Manitoba, who recently came here with a delegation of German Mennonite farmers, has returned East to complete arrangements for the settlement of a proposed colony on Puget Sound. Mr. Siemens has a large acquaintance among these people in the United States and Canada, and of the different sections of countries, and knows of no country more desirable for settlement than Western Washington.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

ANOTHER extensive irrigation scheme will soon reach fruition in the Walla Walla Valley. In the southwestern portion of the valley, lying parallel with the Walla Walla River and commencing at the Union Pacific Railroad before it enters Dry Creek Canyon, are 3,500 acres of the richest kind of land, suitable for fruits of all kinds, but lacking water. E. B. Cox of that section has contracted with the owners of this land to construct a large canal and develop a source of water supply.

THE Tacoma *Ledger* of Jan. 22nd, says: Anchored opposite the St. Paul & Tacoma wharf yesterday were three large four-masted British steel and iron ships, whose combined registered tonnage is 7,406 tons. These ships will carry out of Tacoma nearly twice that number of tons of wheat for Europe. A seafaring man who has followed the sea for many years and has been in nearly every important port on the globe, told a re-

porter of the *Ledger* that he has never seen so many large and fine sailing ships gathered together in so close a space as the three at the east side of the bay yesterday.

The Canadian Northwest.

SEVEN salmon vessels are en route to England from British Columbia and three more are yet to sail. The fleet this year will be the largest that has ever gone forward from the Pacific province.

THERE is on exhibition at the Canadian Pacific Railway land office in Winnipeg a sample of hemp grown at Le Duc, near Edmonton, which measures twelve feet four inches in length. It is of splendid quality and is considered in every way suitable for the manufacture of binding twine.

THE Kalso-Slocan *Examiner* estimates that 5,000 tons will be shipped from the Slocan Country to the smelters of the United States during the present season. The *Examiner* also believes the prospect of the future is brighter than ever. Fifteen different mines are taking out ore at a surprisingly rapid rate.

MESSRS GORDON & SUCKLING estimate the real estate transfers in Winnipeg in 1893 at \$3,000,000; very little, if any, being sold for speculation. Many inquiries are being made by outsiders at the present time, and it is expected a goodly amount is likely to be placed here by investors this year. The building improvements during 1893 were the largest in the history of the city. They also estimate that the building record for 1894 will reach fully \$1,500,000. Reports indicate that a number of structures, costing \$25,000 to \$100,000, will be erected during the coming season, also a large number of high-class residences. A number of contracts are already let and operations will commence as soon as possible.—*Free Press*.



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"AS OTHERS SEE US."

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for February is an interesting number, particularly to Montana. Mr. Smalley's magazine shows a gradual improvement that indicates deserved prosperity.—*Helena Herald*.Jerry Collins has given Great Falls a splendid write-up in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, of St. Paul. All this part of Montana figures in the report, which is decidedly interesting.—*Fl. Benton River Press*.THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, that indefatigable and never dull advocate of the interests of the Northwestern country, has two finely illustrated leading articles in the January number, viz.: "Great Falls, the Denver of Montana," and "Hot Springs, Ark., the Carlsbad of America." There is also a very characteristic study of the Siwash maiden in the story by Herbert Bashford of Tacoma.—*Cour d'Alene (Idaho) Press*.THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for January shows all its old-time ability and prosperity. Is one of the best edited of Western magazines. "Editing" does not consist alone of furnishing original articles, embodying opinions, but in the entire selection and arrangement of matter. Mr. Smalley knows what his readers want, what is good for them, and where to find it. If he can't find it, he writes it himself.—*Whatcom (Wash.) Reville*.E. V. Smalley, the popular editor of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, spent Wednesday in Kalispell, and expressed himself as favorably impressed with our city and valley. Mr. Smalley has for a number of years spent the most of his time in travelling over the Northwest and writing up its resources, nearly every city of importance having been the subject of his vivid pen-pictures, accompanied by illustrations. He had heard a great deal about our young city and its surroundings, but remarked that it far exceeded his expectations.—*Inter Lake*.THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for January has among its usual variety of good things a handsome illustration of the home of Hon. Oscar Ward above Bismarck, on the Washburn stage road. A brief note refers to Mr. Ward's successful dairy farm. The leading article is a most complete sketch of the Hot Springs of Ark., "The Carlsbad of America." It is fully and finely illustrated, and occupies many pages. The paper on Great Falls, "the Denver of Montana," is also good. THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is an honor to the Northwest.—*Steele (N. D.) Ozon*.The current number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, that entertaining and lively publication of E. V. Smalley's, is an interesting one, and contains several features of interest to Bismarck and vicinity. There is an excellent reproduction of a picture of Oscar Ward's farmhouse and grounds, with a brief sketch of the benefits of dairy farming and diversified farming on the Missouri River. It also contains a drawing of the Standing Rock Indian Agency, which is accurate and true to life, besides numerous other sketches of interest.—*Bismarck Tribune*.The Hot Springs edition of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE made its appearance this morning. The write-up and illustrations cover twelve pages of the magazine and the article is one of the best written and most comprehensive ever published. No attraction is forgotten and the engravings are exquisite gems of art. It is a genuine pen picture of the world's greatest sanitarium. * * * A thousand and one features to interest, instruct and attract. The Graphic congratulates THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE on the thoroughness and efficiency of the work, and believes the articles will accomplish a vast amount of good for the "Gem City of the Ozarks."—*Hot Springs Graphic*.

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Under the main canal of the Northern Pacific, Yakima & Kittitas Irrigation Co., which is sixty miles long and waters the handsome and fertile valley known as SUNNYSIDE, in the lower Yakima Valley. Peaches, Pears, Apples, Plums, Apricots, Cherries, Prunes, and Grapes grow prolific here. No failure; crops every season. Water when you want it. Tracts from ten acres upwards. Write for information.

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A STRONG FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.

The 1st National Bank of North Yakima is the oldest financial institution in the town. It was started in the old town in 1883 as the Yakima National and moved to the new town of North Yakima in 1885 and changed to the First National of North Yakima. It has a capital and surplus of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars and is backed by a number of strong, substantial men. Judge Lewis, president of the bank, is a pioneer in Washington and a man who is very well known throughout the State. He was chief justice of the Territory for a number of years and has had extensive property interests in Yakima County for the last fifteen years. Chas. Carpenter, vice-president, is one of the early settlers of Yakima County; he is a man of substance and integrity and practically the foundation of the hop industry in the Yakima Valley. He is a large owner of town and farm property and has the largest hop farm in Eastern Washington.

W. L. Steinweg, cashier of the First National Bank, has held that position since 1886 and the success and prosperity of the bank is due in a great measure to his shrewd, careful management. Mr. Steinweg is an able, enterprising man and a thorough banker, who is always ready with his means and energy to aid every project for the development of the country. Apart from his banking interests here he is largely interested in other industries. He is director and treasurer of the Yakima Milling Co., and treasurer of the Water and Light Co., and has since first his residence here taken an active interest in all educational work and is now president of the board of education. He knows the resources of the country very well and is always glad to give reliable information about it. Henry Teal, assistant cashier, is a bright, clever, capable young man of much promise, who has efficiently aided in the success of the bank and is perhaps the youngest man in Washington holding such a responsible position.

Are People Living Longer?

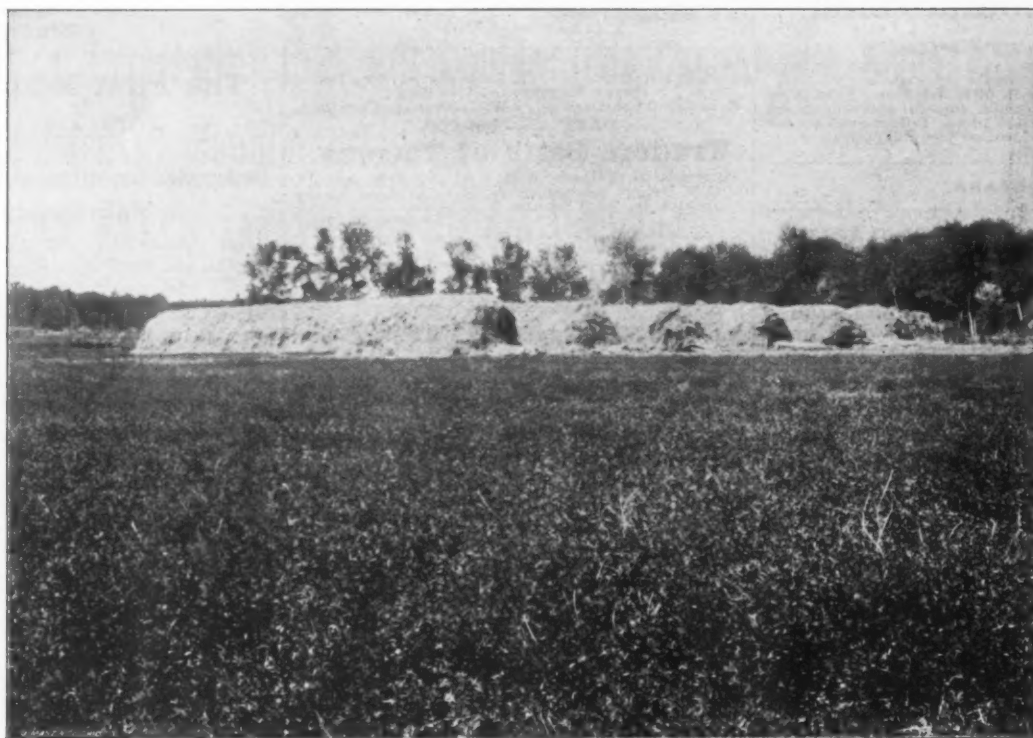
The careful examination of vital statistics, it is generally conceded, indicates that the average duration of human life has been increasing during the past two centuries. But this does not necessarily imply that a larger number of people now reach the age of seventy, eighty, or even ninety than in times past. It means only, that, taking a thousand persons at random, the average age of each at death exceeds that of the same number of persons a generation ago, yet less people in a thousand now reach the age of sixty. Two causes may be assigned for this. One is that the hygiene and physical culture are now better understood, and the mortality among children and young people is much less. The other is, that the strain upon people in middle life who are doing the world's work is much greater, owing to the increased competition and the rushing methods of business. These conditions cannot be changed. But if one would live long there must be seasons of relaxation and vacation. Perhaps the best way to spend such a season is to travel to new scenes and acquire new ideas. Railroads are the means of travel, and among them all none will take you in more directions or make the journey so safe, speedy and comfortable as the Burlington route. For maps, rates and information address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

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In the New State of Washington.



ALFALFA GROWING AND IN STACK—RAISED UNDER THE SUNNYSIDE CANAL.

The Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

Climate.—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

Soil.—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

Productions.—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

Ten Acres Enough.—A settler who cultivates well, in fruit, vegetables and alfalfa, ten acres of this wonderfully productive Yakima Valley soil, will have all the land he can attend to and will make a good support for a family. With twenty acres he can make a net income of from two to three thousand dollars a year.

Farming by Irrigation.—Irrigation makes the farmer independent of the weather. He applies just the right amount of moisture to his land to secure the largest possible crop returns. No failure of crop is possible. The process is not laborious or expensive. The water is turned on the land two or three times during the growing season.

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The lands of the Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company are sold with a perpetual water right guaranteeing an ample supply of water for all crops. Prices range from \$45 to \$65 an acre. One-fifth of the purchase price is payable in cash on the signing of the contract. The second payment is not due for two years. Thus the settler has time to make his improvements and realize on his first crop before being called on for the next installment on his land. The remaining payments run through four years. One good crop will pay for the land. The company prefers to sell to actual settlers only in order that the country may be densely settled and brought under a high state of cultivation as rapidly as possible.

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THEY CAST HIM OUT.

A man by the name of Corn was recently married in Great Falls to a lady named Wheat. The fool choir sang, "What shall the harvest be?" A gamin in the gallery yelled out "Nubbins"—and they cast him out of the synagogue.—*Big Timber (Mont.) Pioneer.*

A GREAT MEMORY.

A Bismarck schoolm'am who had been telling the story of David ended with, "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh, my, what a memory you have got!"—*Mandan Times.*

THE ASTUTE PORTER.

A Methodist clergyman tells this incident which occurred in a Pullman sleeper while riding through Iowa: As the train passed over the State line into Iowa, a seal was put on the liquor sideboard in the buffet, and the clergyman, wishing to test the enforcement of the prohibition law, called the porter and asked him if he could get a little whisky. "Oh, yes, sah," said the porter. "And how about a little wine?" queried the minister. "I think I can fix you, sah," was the prompt and whispered reply. "But," con-



HIS MENTAL MISFORTUNE.

Country Editor—"What's the matter with your friend's finger?"
Billiecook—"Guess he stuck it in his ear and the wheels cut it off. See?"

tinued the reverend gentleman, "how about prohibition in Iowa?" "Oh," said the porter, with a knowing wink, "we always pick our men, sah."

WAY OUT IN IDAHO.

The following superscription was on a letter which recently passed through the mails:

"Sylvester Brown, a red-faced scrub,
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping cordwood for his grub,
In Silver City, Idaho.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

AN EASY WAY OUT.

He was a speculator, and for a year past nothing had been coming his way but expenses. One day his daughter informed him in an unfeeling manner that if he did not give her a diamond bracelet, worth at least \$750, she would elope with the coachman.

"Come to my arms, my darling child," he exclaimed as the tears of joy coursed down his wrinkled cheeks; "come to my arms!"

"Do I get the bracelet?" she asked, hesitating.
"Of course not," he smiled delightedly; "you get the coachman. I owe him eight months' wages."

That ended it.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

The friends of Governor Rickards of Montana are telling a good story at his expense. A short time ago, while the governor was traveling through the eastern part of the State, he spent the night with some friends living out in the country. The morning meal happened to consist of fried ham and eggs among other things. When the chief executive was asked if he would have some ham and eggs, he politely replied that he did not care for any. Thinking, perhaps, that he liked eggs in another way, the hostess offered to boil some for him. "No, thank you," replied the gov-

ernor. "I never eat eggs either fried or boiled." The little six-year-old pride of the family looked up in considerable surprise at this remark. The boy happened to be a great lover of "hen fruit," and he could not understand why anyone should not like eggs as well as he did. After the governor's last remark, the boy looked wonderingly at him for about a minute, and then blurted out: "Well, papa, maybe the old son-of-a-gun would suck a egg!"

WHAT CLEOPATRA THOUGHT OF ANTONY.

The golden barge of the mighty queen floated softly down the beautiful and mysterious river and Cleopatra turned her glorious eyes from the entrancing scene to Antony.

"Oh, king," she murmured, "is there in all the world a sight so beautiful?"

"Thou art more beautiful, queen of my heart," he whispered, touching her hand with his lips.

Those wondrous eyes of hers closed languidly and the long lashes lay at rest upon the rich red olive of her cheeks.

"Tony," she sighed, rapturously, "you are a corker and no mistake."

And the golden barge floated on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LEGAL POINT.

Probably no one in town enjoys a joke better than Major Baldwin and he never allows to pass unimproved an opportunity of making one. At the party at Mr. Roberts' the other evening he rapped the company to order and stated that a party had recently come to his office and asked a question on a legal point which he was unable to answer. As the Hon. District Attorney was present and as the question and answer was one which would interest everyone present, he

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Satan frowned.

"Are you one of those fellows," he sternly demanded, "who are circulating the fire and brimstone reports?"

The soul trembled and stood confessed.

"And you really think," the prince of darkness sneered, "that we have no more effective methods of torture than were in vogue a thousand years ago?"

The soul was silent.

"Here, Lucifer," called his majesty, impatiently, "show the gentleman through the painless-dentist and violin-taught-in-fifteen-minutes departments."

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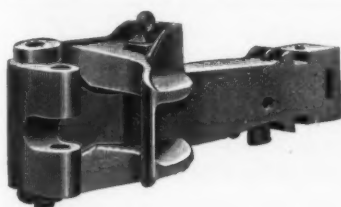
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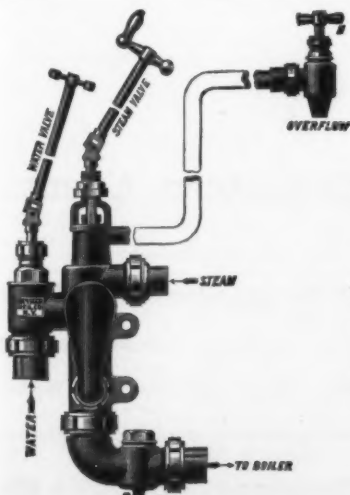
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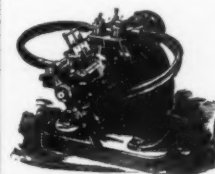
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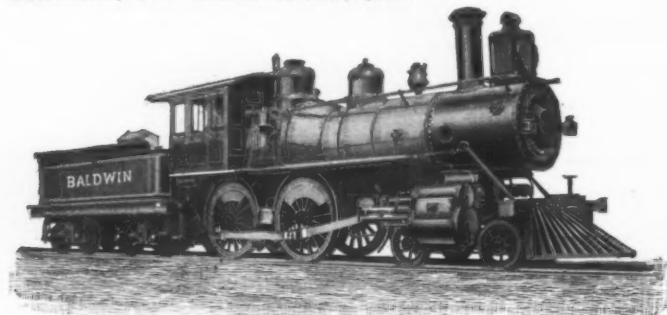
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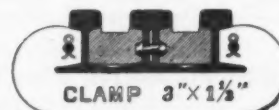
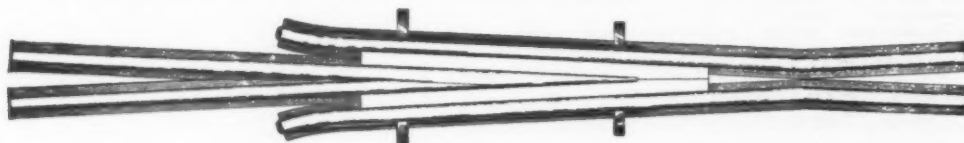
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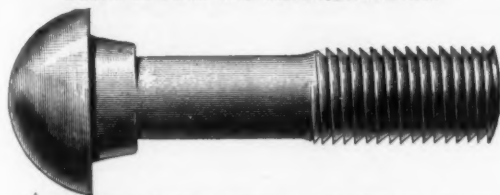
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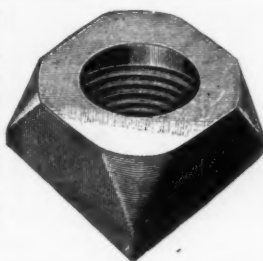
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The Lord never intended that a father should hold the baby, or he would have given him a lap.

Dinks—"Was Smith's purpose of whipping the editor carried out?" Danks—"No, but Smith was."

Financial Item—"Were you a bull or a bear?" "Neither," replied the merchant; "I was an ass."

Old lady from the country at the lace exhibit: Five dollars a yard, eh? That must be all wool, ain't it?

"Can you give me a little breakfast, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp: "I am hungry and cold. I slept outdoors last night, and the rain came down in sheets." "You should have got in between the sheets," said the woman, kindly, as she motioned him to the gate.

A teacher having asked his class to write an essay on "The Results of Laziness," a certain bright youth handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

"They can't make a monkey of me," insisted the orang-outang. "Well," laconically remarked the bon-constrictor, "I'd like to see them try to pull my leg."

Tommy—"Papa, when people sell things by the pound, do they ever weigh the scales?" Papa: "Certainly not, my boy." Tommy: "Then how do they weigh fish?"

Husband (irately)—"You think you know everything, don't you?"

Wife (softly)—"No, dear; I never did know why you know so little."

W.—"How do you tell the age of a hen?"

V.—"By the teeth."

W.—"A hen hasn't any teeth."

V.—"No, but I have."

The poet sat dreaming of fragrant Cashmere, And the odors of Araby's breeze. Then he called for his lunch of dried herring and beer And a large piece of Limburger cheese.

"The little mermaids and merboys never have any snow under the ocean, do they, mamma?" said Jacky. "No, dear." "I suppose, instead of snowball fights they have fishball rackets, eh?" said Jacky.



"CRAMMING."

Affectionate Uncle—"Glad to see you, Rupert. Now tell me all about it. What form are you in, old boy?" Nephew (just returned from Harrow)—"Well, Uncle, not so bad, I think. I can generally manage a couple of eggs, two sausages or kidneys, some Dundee marmalade, and two cups of coffee for breakfast. I always have a little luncheon, any amount of roast beef or mutton for dinner, and I generally look in at the confectioner's in the afternoon, and invariably wind up with a good supper. What do you think of that?"

Disappointed and misunderstood Uncle subsides, and thinks it best to make no comments.—Punch.

Ardent Spirits—Those that kiss the mediums at a seance.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. B. Bronson?" "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

"My gracious!" said little Johnnie, as the baby started in on its fourth hour with a tremendous wail, "that is the prince of walls."

Mr. Gally—"You know man proposes—" Miss Wal-long: "No, I don't; I've only heard that he does; have had no practical experience."

An itinerant chiropodist doing business in Superior says he has "removed corns from all the crowned heads of Europe."—Telegram.

"There is a peculiar thing about Mrs. Frett." "What is it?" "She has been in a pickle all her life and yet she doesn't look well preserved."

Pat—"That be that yez are dhrinkin' wid yer whiskey?" Mike: "Appollinaris, Pat." Pat: "How duz it taste?" Mike: "As if me fut war asleep."

Axton—"Was your marriage the result of love at first sight?" Exton (sadly): "Yes, on my part. Had I been gifted with second sight I'd never have married."

Footman's Wife—"Say, Jeems, what would we do if you found a pocket-book with \$20,000 that the boss had left in the carriage?" Footman: "Do? We wouldn't do nothing at all. We'd live on our incomes."

Coquettishly the Fiji maid

The missionary came to greet.

"I really think, kind sir," she said,

"That you are nice enough to eat."

"I have called," said the captious critic, "to find out what reason you can give for representing the new year as a nude small boy." "That is done," responded the art editor, "because the year does not get its close till the 31st of December."

Judge—"What objection have you to Mr. Gump, whom the court has appointed to defend you?"

Prisoner (charged with murder)—"I hain't got anythin' ag'in him personally, but you see, judge, it looks so like turning State's evidence. It's a givin' up the whole thing—see?"

An exchange tells of a man who consulted his pastor as to marriage with a certain lady of his flock. The reply was: "I doubt if you would be happy." "Why?" was the question. "Isn't she a Christian?" "Oh, yes, indeed," was the answer. "But the Lord puts up with people you and I couldn't."

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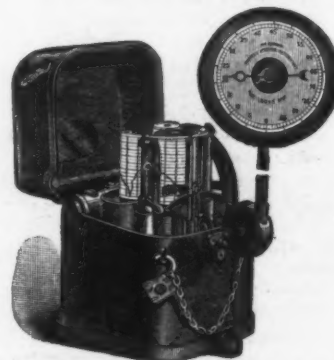
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